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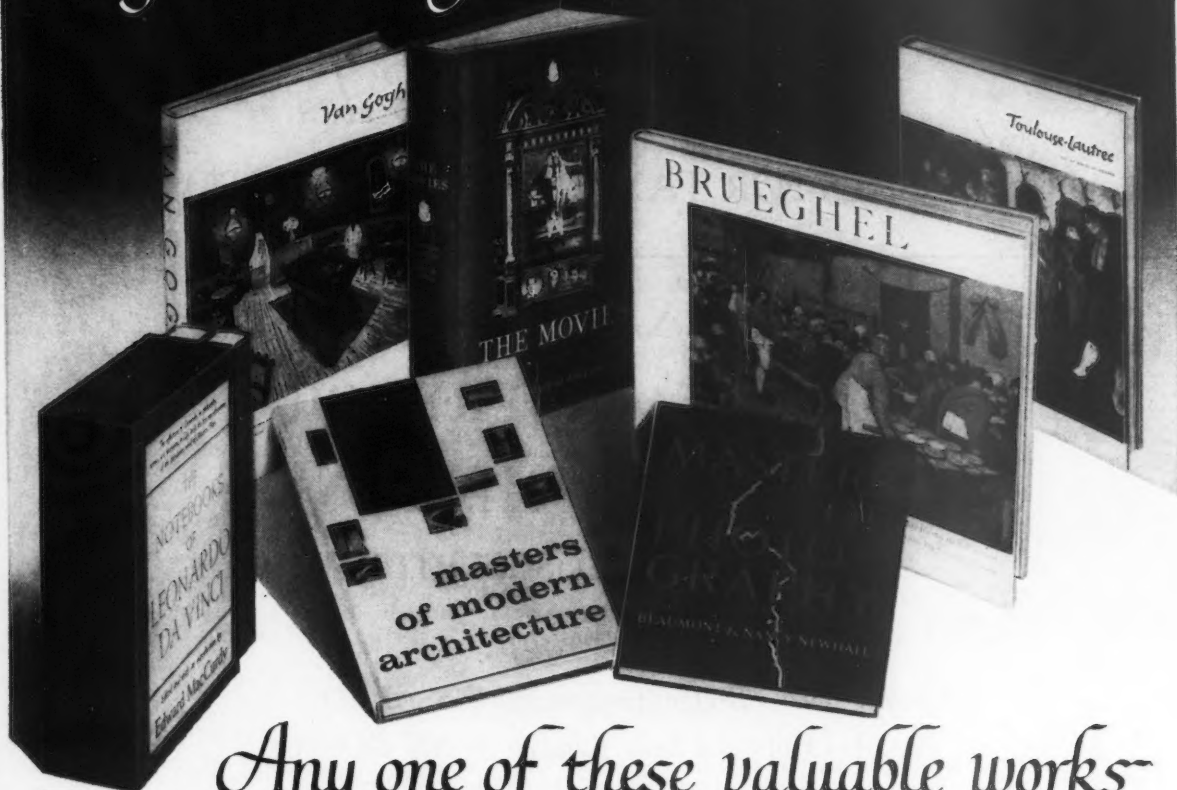
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Contributors

Creighton Gilbert is a widely published scholar in the field of the Italian Renaissance. His recent writings appear in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, *The Art Bulletin* and the *College Art Journal*. He was recently a visiting professor of art history at the Institute of Fine Arts, New York University.

Alfred Werner is now completing his definitive study of Pascin, to be published in the fall of 1959 by Harry N. Abrams. He is also pre-

paring a study of Kokoschka for a future number of ARTS.

Ulrich Weisstein, a regular contributor, has published criticism in *Books Abroad*, *The Western Review*, *Accent* and other journals.

Bernard Chaet, who writes the "Studio Talk" column for ARTS, is showing his new paintings this month at the Stable Gallery in New York. The exhibition is reviewed on page 57.

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Jules Pascin, *La Rousse* (1926); included in the Pascin showing to be featured (January 5-February 7) at the Perls Galleries, and illustrated in Alfred Werner's "Pascin and the Nude" (see pages 42-47).

Forthcoming

Martica Sawin writes the first critical estimate of the work of Jan Muller since the artist's death . . . critic Georgine Oeri surveys the achievement of Robert Delaunay on the publication of his collected essays.

Camille Pissarro
 "Old Chelsea Bridge"
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 Illustrated in
 "The History of Impressionism"
 by John Rewald



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LETTERS

"Chartres: An Encyclopedia in Stone"

To the Editor:

Jean Garrigue's piece on Chartres [December] would be a joy and a wonder in any time, and it is especially so in our time, when so much seems to be written at the level of argument or "information" and so little at the level of love. I look forward to reading it many more times.

DAN WAKEFIELD
New York City

The Lively ARTS

To the Editor:

I am an "old subscriber" and think the past few issues have been excellent. If I had any other ideas about ARTS these last two issues would have changed my mind.

The additional pictures in the review section are a good idea. Ferren's paper was excellent (and especially interesting to many of us who worked in those whitewashed lofts after the war). Good luck to Hilton Kramer in the chair; he's off to a blast in the editorials, and I hope he'll keep it alive as started.

J. BARDIN
Columbia, South Carolina

The Carnegie International

To the Editor:

The Society for the Protection of Our Artist Friends is so busy these days handling cases of artists needing protection from themselves that we are in no position to take on any additional outside problems at this time.

The question has been brought to our attention, however, why a distinguished jury like the Carnegie Pittsburgh Bicentennial International Exhibition this year, chose to award prizes to third-rate foreign artists when there are so many good well-known second-rate American artists in the show.

AD REINHARDT
SPOAF
New York City

EDITOR'S NOTE: The complete list of Carnegie jurors and prizes appears on page 10, and the awards are discussed in Hilton Kramer's article on pages 30-37.

More on Miró Interview

To the Editor:

My heartfelt thanks and deepest admiration are extended to you for your publication [October] of Edouard Roditi's interview by Joan Miró.

Before going on to further praise of the interview, I would like to offer a minor correction. Even though, for a few brief moments, Roditi was "one up on" Miró when he understood Miró's telephonic conversation in Catalan, he lost whatever points he may have gained in consistently putting an accent over the "a" in Joan. No accent anywhere in the Catalan given name "Joan."

Despite the trivial error, the interview was the most enlightening one of its kind that I have ever read. So many of the present-day artists seem to feel a need to express themselves verbally, a need which would seem to indicate that they feel their painting fails to convey all that they desire. And while often the painting can affect the viewer emotionally without its being understood intellectually, the "explanations" of the artists can never be understood; and only rarely do they affect the reader emotionally, and then only if bewilderment can be considered an emotion.

However, Miró has obviously grasped the import

of an interview. Never, to my knowledge, has any artist interviewed a writer so successfully. Usually, the artist in these interviews is so obsessed with presenting his own ideas that the writer barely has the opportunity to present his own. As a result of Miró's reticence, your readers now have a clear and comprehensive idea of Roditi's knowledge of and attitudes toward contemporary art.

It is sincerely hoped that in the future you will be able to send some of the better-known art critics to Miró to be interviewed. Nothing could demonstrate their erudition more than Miró's modesty and simplicity.

ROBERT SCHILLER
Palma de Mallorca
Spain

EDITOR'S NOTE: The insertion of an accent over the "a" in Joan Miró is not Mr. Roditi's responsibility, but rather the editors', whose usage here is in agreement with that of the Art Index, Mallett's Index of Artists and Kaltenbach's Dictionary of Artists' Names.

To the Editor:

I cannot pass without comment some of Joan Miró's remarks on the present artistic situation in Spain [October]. Paradoxically, despite the fact that he lives here, his words are those of one who has never visited these shores. Before arriving here from New York nine months ago I too believed that there was "no modern movement at all in Spain." As a painter myself, I am interested in the artistic ambience wherever I happen to be.

Obviously Miró is not. As he says, he lives on an island and sees very few people. I also expect that he has not troubled himself to see any other artists or to look at any other art. If he had, he would have found, as I did, several very active nuclei of young painters, experimenting, searching, trying to discover new means of expressing themselves in defiance of old traditions. Admittedly they are a minority, but they are growing and are arousing serious interest. Perhaps they have not yet produced another Miró, but to quote the master's evaluation of the contemporary French scene, "it may all lead to something new."

I regret very much Miró's implication that his work goes beyond the artistic sensibility of anybody here and that nobody "would really be interested . . . and it would cause unnecessary scandal and idle discussion." Fortunately some other, not entirely unknown, modern artists—Braque, Chagall, Picasso—have not taken his same supercilious attitude. Their work was recently exhibited in this city, and I am not aware of its having caused any unnecessary scandal or idle discussion.

The number of collectors of modern art in Spain is unknown to me, nor can I say whether or not Miró would have a commercial success if he did exhibit here. However, it is sad to see a great painter having descended to the point of being more interested in economics than in art. Perhaps Edouard Roditi's closing statement that Miró "had the air of a visiting Spanish businessman" was closer to the mark than he realized.

NORMAN NAROTZKY
Barcelona
Spain

Request for Information

To the Editor:

A catalogue of the drawings and sculpture of Gaston Lachaise is under preparation. Information concerning the location of Lachaise's works, as well as documents concerning him, would be greatly appreciated.

DONALD B. GOODALL, Chairman
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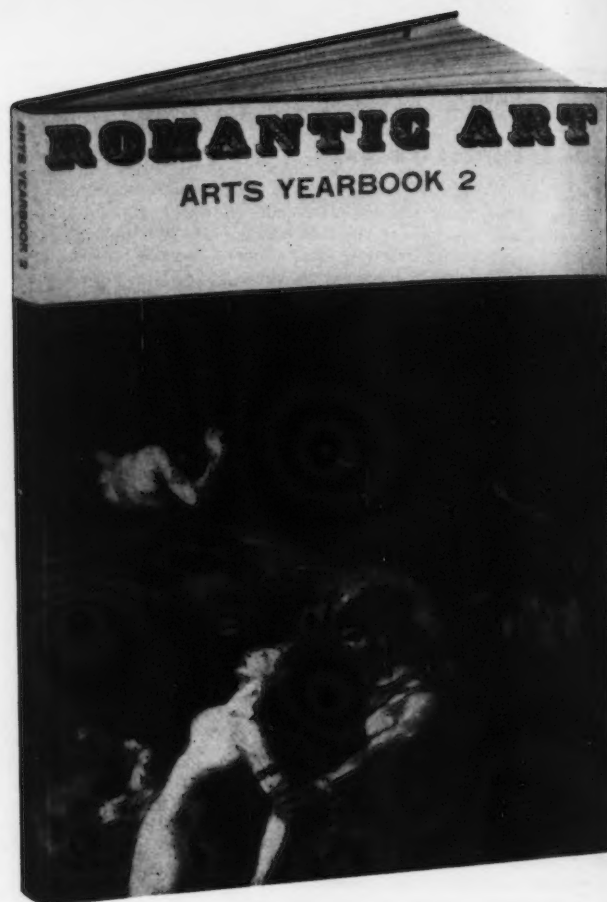
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AUCTIONS

Van Gogh, Pissarro, Renoir Highlight Coming Coe Sale

IN AN evening sale on January 14, the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York will present to the bidding public an important group of modern paintings, drawings and sculptures from the collections of Ralph M. Coe, Cleveland, Ohio, and F. W. Burmann, London, England, as well as from other sources.

Dominating the group of paintings is Van Gogh's *Parc de l'Hôpital à Saint-Rémy*, which was purchased by Mr. Coe in 1927. Formerly in the collections of V. W. van Gogh and Mme. J. van Gogh-Bonger, the work has been shown in numerous retrospective exhibitions both here and abroad. A second Van Gogh is included in the sale, his *Paysanne Ratissant*, which derives from the collection of Felix Kramarsky.

Pissarro's *Charing Cross Bridge, London*, was purchased by Mr. Coe in 1912; recorded and illustrated by Venturi and in Jedlicka's *Pissarro*, it has a long history of appearances in American museum loan shows. Renoir's *Au Bord de la Mer* comes from an English collection, that of F. W. Burmann; this painting was previously in the collections of Ambroise Vollard and Arthur Tooth.

Other works in the sale include Courbet's *Femme à l'Eventail* and *Château de Chillon*, a fine Monet landscape, major works by Morisot, Redon, Utrillo and Vlaminck, as well as works by the German Expressionists, among them Nolde, Jawlensky and Kirchner. A notable group of sculptures offers pieces by Daumier, Rodin, Epstein, Kolbe, Moore.

The assembled works in the January 14 sale will be on exhibition from January 10 at the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Avenue.

Three New Records Set in Manuscript Sale at Sotheby's

A TOTAL of £326,620 (approximately \$915,000), a record for a single day's book sale at auction, has been reported by Sotheby's of London for the December 9 dispersal of forty-five illuminated manuscripts, a block book and four printed books, property of the late C. W. Dyson Perrins. The sale also established a new record for an average price per lot of \$6,500 (\$18,300). Highest bid in the auction, £39,000 (\$109,200), was brought by a twelfth-century German Helmarshausen manuscript of the Latin Gospels. The price of £39,000 is a record not only for any manuscript sold at auction, but also for a single lot in any book-auction sale. The total of £326,620 is Sotheby's second highest total for a single day's sale, the first being the £781,800 realized in the Goldschmidt sale of seven Impressionist paintings last October.

AUCTION CALENDAR

January 7, 8, 9 & 10, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. The art collection of Felix Kramarsky, New Rochelle, New York, sold by his order. Paintings include works by Ruysdael, Romney, Renoir, Boudin and others. Also French eighteenth-century furniture, old silver and porcelains, Chinese jades, Oriental rugs. Exhibition now.

January 14, at 8:00 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Important French



Van Gogh, January 14.

modern paintings and drawings, with a group of sculptures, from the collections of Ralph M. Coe, Cleveland, Ohio, F. W. Burmann, London, England, and other sources. (For details see story above.) Exhibition from January 10.

January 16 & 17, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. English and other furniture, English porcelains and other decorations, belonging to Mrs. Walter Sharp, Nashville, Tennessee, and from other owners. Exhibition from January 10.

January 21, at 1:45 p.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Valuable precious-stone jewelry, all from private owners, including property from a well-known New York estate. Exhibition from January 16.

January 22, 23 & 24, at 1:45 p.m., and **January 23**, at 10:15 a.m. Parke-Bernet Galleries. Part II of the notable Americana collection of the late Arthur J. Sussel, Philadelphia. In addition to Pennsylvania and other American furniture and decorations, the sale will include Staffordshire, Bennington and Wedgwood ware; rare historical prints; American paintings; *bibelots*; Georgian glass; textiles. Exhibition from January 17.

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PEOPLE IN THE ARTS



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Francis de Erdely

The American Academy of Arts and Letters has announced the election of three new members to the distinguished society of artists, writers and composers. They are painter **Charles E. Burchfield** (above), theologian **Reinhold Niebuhr** and poet **William Carlos Williams**. Mr. Burchfield, who has dedicated himself to the study of rural and small-town America, is represented in major collections across the country. The current election brings the Academy membership to its full complement of fifty, all of whom are chosen for special distinction from the 250 members of its parent body, the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Formal induction of the new members will take place next May at the Joint Annual Ceremonial of the Academy and the Institute.

Dr. Grace L. McCann Morley (above) has been appointed assistant director of the Solomon R. **Guggenheim Museum**. Dr. Morley, who retired last summer after serving for twenty-three years as director of the San Francisco Museum of Art, assumes her duties this month as assistant to James Johnson Sweeney, director of the Guggenheim. Before coming to San Francisco, she was, for three years, museum curator of the Cincinnati Art Museum. She has also been president of the American Association of Art Museum Directors.

The **Metropolitan Young Artists**, which held its first annual exhibition last month at the National Arts Club in New York, awarded its first prize of \$250 to **Joseph Fiore** (above), and a second prize of \$100 to **Elias Friedensohn**. The jury consisted of **John I. H. Baur**, **Edwin Dickinson**, **Franz Kline**. Other awards went to **Frances Rams**, **John Melvor**, **Jean Clad**, **Seymour Boardman**, **Arthur Hoener**, **Ralph Dubin**.

Painter **Francis de Erdely** (above) has been elected a fellow of the **Royal Society of Arts** of London. A native of Hungary, Mr. De Erdely is a graduate of the Royal Academy of Art, Budapest. He is the recipient of numerous American and European prizes and is represented in the permanent collections of art galleries throughout the world. Since 1945 he has been on the faculty of the University of Southern California.

Announcement has been made of the prize winners at the 1958 **Pittsburgh Bicentennial International Exhibition** of Contemporary Painting and Sculpture. In the field of painting the winners were: first prize, \$3,000, **Antoni Tàpies**; second prize, \$1,500, **Afro**; third prize, \$1,000, **Alberto Burri**; fourth prize, \$750, **Vieira da Silva**; fifth prize, \$500, **Pablo Pizuelo**; and honorable mention, **Camille Bryen**. The sculpture awards were: first prize, \$3,000, **Alexander Calder**; second prize, \$1,500, **Henry Moore**; third prize, \$1,000, **César**; and honorable mention, **Pietro**

Consagra. In addition, the William Frew Memorial Purchase Prize of \$1,000 went to **Akira Hasegawa**, and an anonymous donation of \$500, intended to foster good will through the arts, to **Jasper Johns**. The jury consisted of **Mary Callery**, **Marcel Duchamp**, **Vincent Price**, **James Johnson Sweeney**, **R. Ubac**, **Lionello Venturi**.

Award winners have been announced in the recent mural and sculpture competition sponsored by the **Munson-Williams-Proctor Institute** and thirteen professional organizations in the area of Utica, New York. **Norman Daly** was the winner of the \$250 prize for the best mural design, and **Giuseppe Macri** was awarded \$250 for the best sculpture design. In addition, awards were made by the individual organizations. The purpose of the competition was to stimulate and encourage an appreciation of art through the greater use of murals and sculpture in public places, and entries were specific designs for the participating organizations. It is expected that a good percentage of the projects will actually be commissioned, although participation in the competition did not commit the sponsors to undertake construction. The jury consisted of **Anton Refregier**, **Roy R. Neuberger**, **José de Creeft**.

Los Angeles artist **Joseph Young** has been elected a full lifetime Fellow by the International Institute of Arts and Letters. Mr. Young, who at thirty-nine is one of the youngest Americans to receive the award, is well known for his mosaic murals in civic, religious and educational buildings. He is the author of a recent book, *A Course in Making Mosaics*, and has delivered seminar lectures at colleges and universities. He participated as artist, actor and research consultant in a documentary art film on mosaics which was selected by the American Institute of Architects for an award of merit, and by the United States Information Service for overseas distribution in eighteen countries. He is a member of the National Society of Mural Painters, and in 1956 he was one of eight American muralists featured in an international exhibition held in Belgium.

A change has been announced in the composition of the jury of selection and award for the Twenty-sixth Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary American Painting at the Corcoran Gallery of Art. Because of sudden illness, **Gordon Mackintosh Smith**, director of the Albright Art Gallery, was unable to fulfill his duties as a member of the jury. **Charles E. Buckley**, director of the Currier Gallery of Art, served as substitute. The other jurors were **Allen Stuart Weller**, dean of the College of Fine and Applied Arts at the University of Illinois, and **Hermann Warner Williams**, director of the Corcoran Gallery. The exhibition will open at the Corcoran Gallery on January 16.

NATIONWIDE NOTES

The Philadelphia Museum of Art recently opened a new wing devoted to decorative arts. The addition, comprising fifteen galleries, will house rare Americana gathered by noted collectors and given to the museum over a period of years. It will enable the museum to show, for the first time, its collection of Philadelphia furniture and silver and Pennsylvania Dutch pottery in the appropriate background of eighteenth-century galleries and Pennsylvania Dutch rooms.

An archive and research unit called "Amigos de Gaudí—U.S.A." has been established at Columbia University to meet the growing demands for information about the career of the Spanish architect Antonio Gaudí. The agency already has a considerable library on Gaudí, and plans to enlarge this with photostatic copies of the extensive material that exists only in the libraries and the Palacio Güell in Barcelona, Spain. The new archives will also be a repository for material on the Gothic Revival and Modernismo movements in Spain. Requests for information or material from the archives should be addressed to Professor George R. Collins, Department of Fine Arts and Archaeology, Columbia University, New York 27, N. Y.

Trustees of the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust have provided an endowment of \$5,000,000 to broaden the faculty of the College of Fine Arts, Carnegie Institute of Technology. The endowment is based upon a comprehensive study of the objectives and development of the college, a study financed by the grant of \$26,000 from the Trust in 1953. The current grant will provide for the creation of four chairs to be known as the Andrew Mellon Professorships, one of which will be in painting, design and sculpture, one in music, one in drama and one in architecture. An allotment of \$30,000 a year from the income of the fund will enable eminent artists and scholars to join the faculty for restricted periods of time from one month to a year, and allotment of the remainder of the income will augment salaries of the faculty in order to assure retention of the ablest teachers and scholars.

Mademoiselle Magazine's fifth annual art contest is now under way. Any woman in college or art school, under the age of twenty-six, may submit original work in any medium. At least five samples should be included; photographs of originals, either color transparencies or black-and-white glossies, are acceptable. The two winners will interpret the two winning stories in the magazine's 1959 college fiction contest and will receive \$500 each for publication of their work. Judges this year will be: **Bartlett H. Hayes, Jr.**, director of the Addison Gallery of American Art; **Elaine de Kooning**, painter and critic; and **Bradbury Thompson**, art director of *Mademoiselle*. All entries must be submitted by March 15 to: Art Contest, *Mademoiselle*, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

Construction will begin February 1 on the new **Phoenix Art Museum** in Arizona. Under the direction of the Phoenix Fine Arts Association, the museum will house extensive exhibition galleries, a children's museum, an auditorium-gallery, administrative offices and art classrooms. Completion is scheduled for November 1, 1959.

The **Artzt Gallery**, 142 West 57th Street, New York, will present an exhibition of first-prize winners and honorable mentions selected from the **New York City Center Gallery** shows of the past two years. The exhibition will be on view from January 20 to February 2.

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ARTS

January 1959

EDITORIAL

Walter Pach, 1883-1958

THE recent death of Walter Pach has taken from the American art scene one of its most sincerely respected figures. He had richly earned the regard in which he was held. In his threefold role of artist, writer and teacher he had virtually presided over the founding of modern art in this country. His long career was one of tireless devotion and often extraordinary resource placed in the service of admirable causes.

Born and reared in New York City, where his father was photographer for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, he came to love the old masters at an early age, and his interest in art soon embraced the vital currents of the time. The expansion of his concerns is reflected in the succession of his teacher-associates: Leigh H. Hunt, William Chase, Robert Henri, John Sloan. He revered, and made almost devotional visits to, Thomas Eakins and Albert Ryder, whose work he already regarded, respectively, as the highest expression of the realist and visionary tendencies in American art.

After graduating from college in 1903 he went abroad. For the greater part of the next decade he lived in France, where his enthusiasms brought him into personal contact with the elder masters. He eagerly followed the progress of the sculptures which the crippled Renoir was undertaking. Monet counseled him to avoid schools and look at nature. Redon would talk with him of Manet at Corot's funeral, or of evenings with Mallarmé. But it was primarily with the young artists that he associated—with Matisse, Picasso, Braque, Brancusi, the three Duchamps, Rouault, Léger, Gleizes, De La Fresnaye.

WITHOUT his knowledge of the European art scene the Armory Show would certainly not have taken the form it did. When Arthur B. Davies and Walt Kuhn went abroad in 1912, it was Pach who conducted them about, showed them where to look, provided an entree to artists' studios. He perhaps more than any other individual determined the actual composition of the show, with its sixteen hundred pieces by three hundred artists from half a dozen countries, with its retracing of artistic development from the time of Ingres and Delacroix, with its introduction to more than half a million people in New York, Chicago and Boston of the Cubist, Expressionist, Fauvist, Futurist, Orphist schools.

Once engaged in the venture, Pach became administrator, publicist and even museum guide for the exhibition. He wrote articles on Redon and Duchamp-Villon for the brochure accompanying the show. In Chicago he had the honor of being burned in effigy along with a Matisse nude. The exhibition met with violent

hostility, but in its consequences it has borne out the aptness of Pach's own comment: "It was, essentially, to get a better definition of living that the Armory Show was undertaken. America was living off the canned foods of art, the things held over from years before. It knew, vaguely, that there was fresh fruit, fresh meat, on the tables of Paris, and it wanted its share."

IN THE decades following the Armory Show Walter Pach continued as one of the most active proponents of modern art in the country. His personal influence helped shape the collections assembled by a number of our eminent art patrons, notably the fiery John Quinn. In 1939-40 Pach was general director of the "Masterpieces of Art" exhibition at the New York World's Fair. He also lectured widely, and his unmistakable commitment to the life of art won respect and sympathy for his ideals. His down-to-earth manner carried a persuasive, seemingly innocent inevitability. "The reason for an interest in modern art is very simple," he once told a Washington audience; "it is the only kind we can produce."

Through his publications he fostered a vivifying exchange between Europe and America. In his youth he had written the first magazine article on Cézanne to appear in America; later his articles in French magazines brought appreciation abroad for Winslow Homer, John Sloan and other American artists. He translated Delacroix's *Journal* and Elie Faure's *History of Art* and published sensitive studies on Ingres, Van Gogh, Seurat and *The Masters of Modern Art*. His mellow recollections are contained in *Queer Thing, Painting*. His final work, *The Classical Tradition in Modern Art*, will be published this spring.

At his death Mr. Pach was Professor of Art at City College. He had formerly held the same position at New York University. There is satisfaction in the thought that his healthily open attitudes were brought before countless students. But through all his activities he remained steadfast in his belief that his first responsibility was that of an active artist. He exhibited regularly with the Society of Independent Artists, whose organization he served for many years as treasurer. He had eight one-man shows in New York, and his paintings were exhibited in Philadelphia and Paris as well. His work is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Phillips Memorial Gallery, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and numerous other public and private collections. His was a full and productive life, one that has its permanent place in the annals of American art.

F.K.

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BOOKS

CARPACCIO by Terisio Pignatti. Skira. \$5.75.

This is the fourth volume devoted to the Italian Renaissance in the "Taste of Our Time" series, Carpaccio following after Piero della Francesca, Fra Angelico and Botticelli. The main portion of text accompanying the fifty-four color plates is devoted to the Venetian master's *magna opera*, the St. Ursula sequence (c. 1490-1500) and the panels from S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni (1502-07), the remaining two—later and artistically inferior—*scuola* series having been dispersed to various European museums. These eighteen paintings, to which *The Healing of the Domoniac* now in the Accademia must be added, show Carpaccio to have been not so much a supreme organizer of pictorial space (his mastery of linear perspective notwithstanding) as a narrative talent principally concerned with small genre-like elements. Reproductions of the entire panels (some of them less than one-fiftieth the size of the original) being unsatisfactory, details are needed to demonstrate Carpaccio's subtle treatment of light and color; and it is through the "museum without walls" that he emerges as a major figure in Renaissance painting.

One somewhat regrets Pignatti's insistence on treating Carpaccio as a primitive—as if he were the Henri Rousseau of Venetian painting. This interpretation, which involves some twisting of the chronology (as in the case of the New York *Meditation on the Passion*), derives from the knowledge that Carpaccio was unable or unwilling to keep up with stylistic developments in the first and second decades of the sixteenth century. As the commissions he received after 1515 almost exclusively originated from Dalmatia and Istria, the hinterland of Venice, we may assume that by then Carpaccio's art was considered too archaic for the rapidly changing taste of the metropolis. But to call Carpaccio a primitive means to misconstrue his refinement and the sophistication which made him one of the leading chroniclers of life in Venice.

Pignatti is at his best where he discusses the influences that helped to fashion the style of Gentile Bellini's pupil. Reaffirming the role of Antonello da Messina as an intermediary between Flemish and Italian art, he advances the theory that Carpaccio may have been under the spell of Ferrarese painting. This suggestion is backed by circumstantial evidence as well as by such paint-

ings as the *Portrait of a Man in a Red Cap*, a work that ultimately conforms to a prototype developed by Hans Memling (whose St. Ursula shrine at Bruges is contemporary with Carpaccio's St. Ursula series in Venice).

The reproductions (two of which are also contained in the Venice volume of Skira's "Famous Places" series) are, on the whole, well chosen. Of particular interest are the sketches for *Ursula's Dream* and *The Departure of Ursula and Etherius*, since they enable us to trace the maturing of a pictorial idea in the artist's mind. A few more portraits might have been included, especially the female portrait from Kansas City with its affinity to Giorgione's famous *Col Tempo* in the Accademia. A few passages in Pignatti's text (or in the otherwise admirable translation by James Emmons) require clarification. It is hard to conceive of images "abstract in meaning" (pages 10, 60), nor does it make sense to speak of Carpaccio's art as "expressionistic" (page 92).

Ulrich Weisstein

MASTERS OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE
by John Peter. George Braziller. \$15.00.

THE flurry of picture books variously depicting the "masters," the "centuries," the "epochs," the "locales" or the "great collections" of achievement in the visual arts would seem by now to be as inevitable a harbinger of Christmas as mechanized carols in the department stores. It is after the holidays, however, when the lavish "gift" has outworn its initial luster, that it is best evaluated.

Certainly this volume is welcome for its subject. If architecture has been generally neglected in favor of the other visual arts, modern architecture has, up to the appearance of this volume, boasted no comprehensive pictorial survey on a lavish scale. Let it be said at once that both photographs and format are magnificent—so magnificent that it seems cruel to cavil at practically every other aspect of the volume.

The ninety-four buildings covered by the illustrations appear without any logical order whatsoever. First a sheaf of work by each of the four great seminal masters—Wright, Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe and Gropius. Then begins what appears to be a rough chronological survey from the twenties through the fifties, except that once the chronology has zigzagged its way to Nervi's Olympic Stadium of 1957 we are abruptly dropped back to Oud's housing of the mid-twenties. Another crude chronology returns us to Skidmore, Owings and Merrill's Connecticut General complex, again of 1957, where the plates end. If the buildings are not presented chronologically, neither are they arranged in accordance with their architects, aside from the works of the introductory quartet. Hence the work of a given architect is often interwoven with the buildings of others. Nor do the illustrations appear with reference to building form or aesthetic creed, where jumble is again the organizing principle. Even more reprehensible may be the complete lack of plans, although revolutions in planning constitute a major contribution of the modern movement. Moreover, in the capsule descriptions of the buildings which appear in an appendix, Peter often notes as outstanding certain features which he does not illustrate. For example, Frank Lloyd Wright's Unity Temple "is notable for its complex interior spatial relationships." No interior view appears. Of Wright's Taliesin: "The living room . . . is considered by many to be Wright's finest domestic interior." Again not shown.

Save for some buildings by Wright and Gropius' Fagus Factory of 1911, all the plates represent buildings designed after 1920, while other pre-twenties buildings significant apparently as "fore-

continued on page 69



Carpaccio, detail from *St. George and the Dragon* (c. 1505).

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Drawings by Stubbs from America . . .
Pollock at the Whitechapel . . . the
Urvater Collection . . . a Masson retro-
spective . . . Redon at the Lefevre . . .

THE IMPORTANCE of the discovery in the Free Public Library at Worcester, Massachusetts, last year of 124 anatomical drawings by the eighteenth-century English artist George Stubbs has been brought home to us in a very pleasant way by the kindness of the Librarian and his Board of Directors in lending fifty-five of them to the Arts Council for exhibition in its gallery in St. James's Street. Basil Taylor, our leading authority on Stubbs, was given the opportunity of examining the entire find at Worcester; he made the selection for the London showing and prepared the kind of catalogue, factual and perceptive, which the exhibition deserved.

All except four of the drawings were made for the *Comparative Anatomical Exposition of a Human Body with That of a Tiger and a Common Fowl*, which became Stubbs's chief preoccupation in the last years of his life; he was still working on the engravings when he died in 1806 at the age of eighty-two.

Although Stubbs is far and away the greatest animal painter this animal-loving country has had, little is known about the man himself. There are, however, a few records connected with his work as an anatomist which afford glimpses of a life lived dangerously and of a man built on heroic lines. Early in his career he etched a number of plates for Burton's *Essay towards a Complete New System of Midwifery* which were based on his own dissections of a woman who had died in childbirth. He had to filch the body from a graveyard, with the help of some medical students. He dissected many carcasses for his *Anatomy of the Horse*, and carried out every phase of the work, with the help only of his mistress, from the hanging up, the skinning, and the injecting of the veins to the drawings and the detailed descriptive notes made at every level of the stripping, and it was sometimes several weeks before the bones of a carcass were laid bare. Basil Taylor has pointed out that the physical dangers of such

work in a "pre-antiseptic" age were considerable and that a writer of the period refers to no less than five anatomists who died from "a putrid miasma in the prime of life." But when Stubbs was well over seventy and working on his *Comparative Exposition*, news was brought to him "at ten o'clock in the evening, that a dead tiger lay at Mr. Pidcock's in the Strand"; he hurried out and bought it, and transported it there and then to his home, "spending the rest of the night carbonading the once tremendous giant of the Indian jungle." It cannot have been easy to obtain tigers for dissection in eighteenth-century England, and there is more than a hint of deliberate poetic juxtaposition in the sharpness of the contrast between the subjects with which he demonstrated the unifying principle of thrust and counterthrust in the structure of living creatures.

In the expert opinion of the Prosector of the Zoological Society, the attention which Stubbs gave to superficial bony landmarks, the contours of the surface muscles and the tracery of the subcutaneous veins indicates that he studied the anatomy of his subjects primarily as aids to his artistic studies, and it is of course true that the bias and sensitivity of the artist is pervasively present in all of his anatomical drawings; one wouldn't be writing about them in an art journal if it were otherwise. But it would be terribly wrong to characterize them simply as "aids to artistic studies." They were a contribution to objective knowledge which commanded the respect of the most distinguished surgeons of his day. There is not the faintest trace in them of the picturesque or the bizarre or the necrophilistic: instead they are superbly lucid studies of articulated structures in space, and as such are works of art in their own right. This purity of conception, arising as it does from a macabre context of unlawful body-snatching, of dirty and arduous labors and of constant intimacy with dead and stinking tissue, constitutes a remarkable spiritual victory.

Contrarily enough, it is one of the four drawings which have no connection with the *Comparative Exposition* which I find most impressive, or perhaps I should say, most *affective*. It is a standing frontal view of an owl stripped of its feathers, and it's rather tentative compared with the others; but it has the kind of organic pathos that distinguishes the "personages" of Sutherland from those of the Surrealists.

THERE COULD probably be no greater contrast to the objective mildness of Stubbs than the subjective fierceness of Jackson Pollock, whose retro-

spective exhibition at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, organized by the International Council of the Museum of Modern Art, has been given an enthusiastic reception here. All the same, I sense a hard-won equilibrium in those large abstract drip paintings, in which Pollock achieves a kind of torrential muteness, which I do not find it difficult to connect with the haunting air of impassivity in Stubbs's finest paintings.

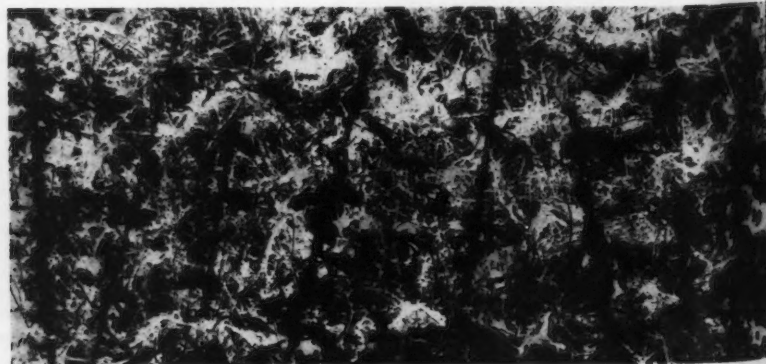
I must admit that the retrospective has not produced any fundamental change in my attitude to Pollock, but I am more conscious than ever of the magnificence and unforced originality of the drip paintings. Unfortunately, I am so thoroughly under their spell that I find it almost impossible to be fair to the more figurative aspects of his work; indeed, some of his figuration—the head, for instance, in the large 1953 painting called *Portrait and a Dream*—seems to me to be very nearly down to the level of smart magazine work. I also find any kind of attempt to interfere with the flow of skeins in the drip paintings unnatural and insupportable. In *Out of the Web*, parts of the canvas were covered up before the paint was poured, so that they could be revealed as canvas-colored abstract insets: it was a needless and unimaginative experiment. Even in the late example called *Blue Poles*, where the mat of paint, partly poured, partly brushed in, is particularly rich and sensuous, the dark blue verticals do not look capable of staying up in all that turbulence, and strike me as being arbitrary additions. The only picture in the exhibition which was done in 1955—the one called *Scents*—is beautifully painted, and at whatever distance from it one stands, it has the exquisitely decorative look that the drip paintings acquire when looked at from some distance away. But at the point at which the drip paintings are transformed into decorative panels one loses the sense of a magically gleaming and streaming journey to nowhere. It is this marvelous outpouring, made—if I may quote in this context the title of a recent radio talk on Azinov's robot detective—"without mercy or metaphor," which finally makes some sense of Hegel's prophetic vision of the end of Romanticism: "Simple unity, concentrated upon itself, destroys all outside relation, resists whatever sets limits to the spirit. All particular divinities become absorbed in its infinite unity. In this pantheon all gods are deposed. The flame of subjectivity has consumed them."

PART OF a large collection of modern paintings which has been formed in Belgium by Monsieur and Madame Urvater during the last ten years



George Stubbs, *Tiger*;
at Arts Council Gallery.

Jackson Pollock, *Blue Poles*;
at Whitechapel Art Gallery.



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Odilon Redon, *Flowers in a Pot*;
at Lefevre Gallery.

was recently brought to the Tate Gallery. It was not made clear whether it was the Arts Council or the owners of the collection who decided to confine the selection to Surrealist works, and although it afforded Londoners a not unpleasant *frisson*, it presented a distorted view of the Urvaters' taste in modern painting since the greater portion of the collection is devoted to Parisian examples of Tachism and Abstract Expressionism. It also presented a somewhat distorted view of Surrealism. This was not due to any bias on the part of the collectors, who seem to have been responsive in equal measure to both the automatists and the illusionists. But in spite of some execrable painting in the work of the illusionists their images had a certain "human interest," and the examples of abstract texture and automatic drawing against which they were pitted were not sprightly enough to form a decent opposition.

There were several paintings by Miró and many by Max Ernst, but they were all rather undistinguished. There were signs of forced violence in the best of the Mirós and at the same time a certain confusion and absence of carrying power in the images. Some of the Ernsts contained nice samples of the mechanically aided

textures from which his notable images of forests and garden airplane traps were made, but in the present instances the textures were weakly interpreted and made no impact. It was nevertheless interesting to see them, because although it is probably true to say that the Surrealist experiments with automatic techniques were a prelude to Abstract Expressionism, these pictures made it evident that such textures did not have enough drive and character as gesture to be interesting in themselves.

Matta and Lam, who belong to the same side of the Surrealist fence as Ernst and Miró, were represented by the largest and most ambitious pictures in the exhibition, but their indefatigable pursuit of erotic melodrama seems to have worn their talents to a thread.

Much of the illusionist work was inefficient as illusionism but was just about adequate enough to put across some mildly scandalous subject matter. The paintings by Delvaux and Tanning were merely anecdotes about slightly unusual sexual situations, might have passed for "problem" pictures in pre-Freudian days. Labisse's bright-red nude, whose skin is supposed to have been ripped to reveal normal-looking pink breasts, loses most of its point because one takes the red skin to be an all-over suit of nylon tights. It might have been better to make the skin a natural pink and give the breasts under the tear the look of, say, Gorgonzola cheese.

The Magrittes did not include any of my favorites, but he ran away with the exhibition. There was nothing as overtly simple and iconographically inexhaustible as the painting in which three lighted candles, having acquired resilience, find their way to the beach and contemplate the evening sea in postures reminiscent of reclining nudes and minor poets, but the pictures in which he subjects *papier collé* and facet Cubism to the crazy test of his "realism" are brilliantly macabre, and I think that a good deal of his work is strong enough to hold its own in greater company than that provided by the Tate show.

MASSON has had a large exhibition at the Marlborough Fine Arts. It was called a "retrospective" but was really a show of recent works accompanied by a few pieces from earlier periods. As always the exhibition revealed his intelligence and his lyrical draftsmanship and left one uncertain of his ability as a colorist. The fiery things he wants to say appear in the flick and turn of his line, and the rest is nearly always unsatisfactory embellishment. His recent work included several charming love letters addressed to the *Focusless Fields* in large lines of rapid abstract script on colored grounds, but he is at his best when the expressive little hooks and arrowheads swarm over a definite image. He is an artist in whom the idea precedes, at least by a hair's breadth, the pictorial event, and his hand is not at its most eloquent when left too unreservedly to its own devices. It is for this reason that his recent painting of a skull, which is still inhabited by the trace of a human gaze, is more alertly poetic than the "migrations" and "germinations."

His warm appreciation of Odilon Redon came to mind when I saw a lovely little flower-piece by Redon in the Lefevre Gallery's latest show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings. It was painted in the early eighties and is not one of the works in which he "gave color its independence." It is a gentle, low-keyed, tonal painting which at first sight might almost be mistaken for a Fantin-Latour. But there is a total absence of fussiness in the paint strokes that would be unusual in a Fantin, and a kind of Buddha smile at the heart of the stillness that places it thoroughly in Redon's world, where Fantin could only have been an enemy alien.

Robert Melville



André Masson, *Yorick*;
at Marlborough Fine Arts.

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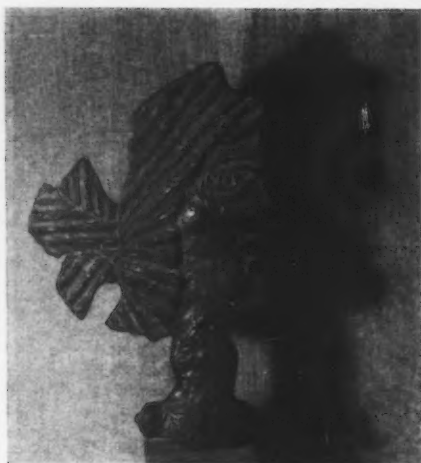
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PARIS

"Hans Hartung, his mark" . . . Scott,

Hayter and Armitage . . . Kijno's *papiers*

froissés . . . "Scandinavian Forms" . . .

THE GALERIE DE FRANCE has lined its walls this month with drawings in pastel by Hartung. There are 150 of them, according to my very rough count, and they are troubling indeed—multiple in meaning surely.

They are "signs," perhaps, but that word bristles with semantic traps; let us avoid them. One might say, to begin with, that these, like any drawings whatsoever, call attention to the mere fact of the paper's separateness, affirming its concrete, individual existence and the abstract notion of its potentiality as field and force. Then, these "drawings" demonstrate or concretize the movements of hand and brush. In this they are most certainly pages torn from the Master's Pedagogic Sketchbook (fabricated for the occasion?)—but the class is for beginners. Yet taken together, they are literally fascinating, hypnotic in effect, and for two reasons. They constitute a repertory (necessarily incomplete, since any repertory of this kind is a priori an infinitely extended one) of direction, speed and pressure, and they are all, without exception, separately and as a group, utterly minimal in scope and ambition. I say this with and without irony; their strength does actually lie in that reduction to an utter minimum of existence, in the fact that each configuration is literally just this side of vacuousness and represents the very slightest possible variation upon the preceding one. For these exercises are, by virtue of their simplicity, invested with a kind of imperial pride, a sovereign arrogance. It is as though Hartung had chosen to provide a glossary for his *oeuvre*, secure in his confidence that it can be neither reconstructed nor accounted for nor evaluated in terms of its elements. We are sure to have a learned panegyric on Hartung soon. Here is its perfect, damning, exegetical appendix: three rooms garlanded with small white papers, and every one saying no less and certainly no more than "Hans Hartung, his mark."

WE ARE DUE, also, for a sizable study on the relationship of English art to that of the Continent, with, no doubt, a supplement or second volume on its debt to the Americans as well. For the moment, however, the Musée de l'Art Moderne gives us a triple exhibition of sculpture by Armitage and paintings by Scott and Hayter, accompanied, of course, by a number of Hayter's best plates. The show, organized for this year's Biennale and presented by Mr. Roland Penrose, put me in mind of another exhibition which had haunted me for some months: the Metavisual and Tachist Abstract Paintings assembled in the spring of 1957 by the Redfern Gallery in London. The rooms of that gallery had, as I remember, been arranged rather like the Louvre at the turn of the century—with the pictures piled high above one another from floor to ceiling, and they too had produced an utterly hallucinating effect. The outsider's impression was that the "New School of Paris" had managed, with a speed unparalleled in history, to emerge, procreate, organize, conquer home territory, and then to colonize the trans-Channel dominions. Certainly, within this group there were both gaps and independent forces, and the outsider was told that even some of the more striking similarities were due not to docility nor even to beneficial influ-

ence, but to that kind of parallel activity which occurs in all periods of promise and transition, when the air is loud with the rumor of the Future. The Adrian Heath-Poliakoff relation, for example, as explained, suggested to me Maurice Blanchot writing his *Thomas l'Obscur*, the story of the young man summoned suddenly and mysteriously into a house, wandering through corridors leading nowhere and past doors opening upon nothingness, before he had ever read *The Castle* or *The Trial* . . .

But what of the Englishmen now at the Musée de l'Art Moderne? Certainly, Scott seemed to me the most considerable, and Armitage far less interesting an artist in every way. They were both, however, very well introduced by Mr. Heron in the December, 1957, issue of ARTS, so that I shall deal with Hayter's recent painting in somewhat greater detail. It fails, I believe, largely because of a basic indecision as to the syntactical functions of the elements of his vocabulary. In these canvases, a Luminist abstraction—Impressionist-derived—is at war with a calligraphic style (or habit) acquired over the long years of graphic work. And within the framework of this style, a firmly controlled curve competes for importance and attention with an automatic scratching. The result is, in almost every case, a painting which looks like Bazaine-cum-Hayter-cum-Tobey, with three spatial and stylistic strata immediately and consistently discernible. The backgrounds tend to be sweet-colored, diagonally brushed surfaces, broken by small, irregular patches of white. On top of this Bazaine background is placed the Hayter, usually a large, controlled swirl of the sort that dominated the best of the prints of the thirties, forties and fifties, the kind you see in *Death by Water* or *The Battle*. Finally, superimposed upon this, comes a loose scribbling, of a generally fashionable kind—Tobey- or Pollock-like. The relation of this last, scribbled surface to the swirls beneath suggests that of two or more superimposed calligraphic levels in Hartung, but the tenuousness is a product of its much more ambitious scale and complexity. Of the Hayter paintings exhibited here this year, the one selected for the Salon de Mai seemed utterly to escape this disunity. Its unexpected freshness and the functional quality of its color (so rare in even the most accomplished of Hayter's prints or paintings) were heartening. They were also much remarked upon by many younger artists, French and American, whose preoccupations are at a far remove from Hayter's now.

AS FOR THE Armitage section, that was more of a problem in every way. It was not enough, of course, to trace the sources of his technique, to call attention to the particular deformations which he shares with Richier and Dubuffet—the flattening of the trunk into the large, flat, rectangular form, animated merely by its appendages, punctuated by the salience of a nipple or the cavity of a navel, or the subtle, deceptively ambiguous modeling which recalls Marini. But he seemed, in spite of his exacerbated pathos and sly wit, a minor figure in every way; the eclecticism of this vocabulary seemed ultimately to outweigh the personal nature of the syntactical manipulations. Scott, then, dominated the trio easily and entirely.

Scott seemed, in fact, one of the surest painters exhibiting this particular month in Paris, and though his debts are as evident as Hayter's or Armitage's, his technical command is so great, his combination of tact and ambition so authentic, as to give him a kind of ultimate autonomy which neither of the other two men attains. His painting has, as I have mentioned, been analyzed in considerable detail, but I'm tempted nevertheless to call attention to one aspect of his work which seemed especially interesting and which owes nothing to the masterly assimilation of the lessons

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of Bonnard, Dubuffet or of De Staël, middle or late. This is the ability to create a picture around the element or area of lowest intensity in the canvas, a talent for organizing a constellation of forms about a lacuna. I have in mind one *Still Life* in which casseroles and jars are grouped about the edges (left, right and lower) of the canvas. The rhythms and lines of force engendered by their distribution make that empty space enclosed quite telling. But within that area—which is, it is true, partially animated by the horizon separating table top from background (all these forms are, under the electric light of the museum on a rainy afternoon, dull grays, gray-blues tending toward blacks and earth colors)—is a small, barely discernible, vaguely outlined area of dull, dull blue. It is so close in value to the background against which it lies, so willfully ambiguous in shape, that it arrests the eye, teases it, detains it, denying it the liberty to roam through the rest of the canvas, insistently reorganizing, replacing and revaluing every larger, more dynamic form in terms of itself. This seemed to me the triumphant invention of a master strategist, and the paradoxical neatness of its conception and performance had the spiritual resonance of poetry.

One last word about the reception of this exhibition. It was, in some quarters at least, nothing short of scandalous. The insinuations to the effect that it represented some sort of conspiracy on the part of British officialdom were dangerous and misleading, though not surprising.

I HAVE SAID that Scott is one of the surest painters showing this month, but that is a somewhat more left-handed compliment than I would wish, for we have many exhibitions on, but few really first-rate ones. Christine Boumeester's paintings at the Galerie Dina Vierny have a saccharine color and general aimlessness which quite defy description. Simone Dat, at the Saint-Germain, is more strident but no stronger. Sandra Rhee, at the Galerie Lara Vincy, uses an arbitrarily heavy, pebbly texture, candy colors and forms extracted from Miró's *Brief Dictionary of Hieroglyphics*. At Michel Warren's there are some extremely handsome drawings by Alechinsky, mighty slim pickings but about all that is available this month on the Rue des Beaux-Arts, apart from some pretty inconsequential engraved objects by Boussac at Iris Clerf's and the rather too self-confidently monolithic sculpture which Dodeigne is showing at the Claude Bernard.

At the Bénézit Gallery, Kijno is showing a group of paintings done on paper which has been applied in layers to stiff board, then crushed and pinched into attractive, irregularly pleated surfaces. I will not quarrel with this process—or, indeed, with any other—as such. One must, however, quarrel with its somewhat systematic use, and the lack of an absolute or even an approximate justification in each and every case. For there are times when the muted complexity of this kind of surface and the linear counterpoint created by the play of its tiny shadows with the linear design of the painting itself seem arbitrary and superfluous. It is kindest, however, to suppose that only long experience or rigid self-discipline enables a young painter to avoid the snares of a new technique. Kijno is a young and talented painter, and we must demand but cannot necessarily expect him to have the rigor of the best among his seniors. He succeeds, in any case, remarkably well in filling medium-sized surfaces with ample, rhythmical, interlacing forms which have a double aspect of free proliferation and strict control, and in intensifying these rhythms through the use of cold color. I had been for a time puzzled by some subtle and elusive formal relationship between his canvases and certain Légers of the best period (1913-23)—the *Con-*

trastes de Formes in the Guggenheim Collection and the drawing of *Les Deux Acrobates* in the Léger Museum at Biot would be two recently exhibited examples, chosen at random from among others. I realize, now that I have seen these *papiers froissés*, that the resemblance lies in the nature of Kijno's conception of equilibrium in composition, in his tendency, like Léger's, to pile up forms in vertical structures so as to achieve a fragile, permanently threatened, dizzying balance: a structure that freezes, so to speak, into rigidity on the picture plane just before it is about to fall forward of its own weight (like the corpse hidden in the closet) into real space.

ONE WORD, in conclusion, about the exhibition now at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, as its importance here is crucial and unique. This is a show of "Scandinavian Forms," of domestic objects, the products of artisanship and industry. I gauge its importance partially from my own very personal response, from the fact that a habitual, rather automatic reaction of boredom and distaste at the sight of an alignment of household articles installed with the solemn piety of a museum exhibit on "gracious living" has been distinctly modified by nine years of life in France. My reactions, in short, were not what they used to be when confronted with the Aalto chair solemnly enshrined on the Modern's second floor. I cannot help feeling that the measure of difference is the measure of one's desperation at the situation of France, of a country in which the decline in taste since 1910 has been so rapid and entire that its artistic vitality is limited almost entirely to its literature, music and fine arts. The inability to invent or adapt a visual style compatible with mass production, the timidity and provincialism of design in this semi-industrialized country are unparalleled in any major country in Europe with which I am familiar. Southern Italy is one possible exception, but the ugliness of French currency, coins, stamps, public architecture and monuments is second to none, and the postwar redecoration of the cafés has neither the chic of the Italians nor the innocuous comfort of the Austrians. The private rebuilding has been, for the most part, disastrous; and current, advanced notions about fenestration stop at the placing of a wide, jutting, emphatic frame about the small, badly distributed, glassed-in units. Everywhere, in streets, shops, schools and, worst of all, in private homes, one is assailed by the mounting wave of hideousness that threatens to transform the country into a wasteland within the next twenty years. The interior of the French home—the pathetic crowding of the purple and yellow, plastic-covered tables, the cheap, lightweight, chromium-tubed chairs and the fake, rustic Breton armoire into the closetless minimal apartment space—bespeaks the fantastic debasement of taste now inevitable in a society which is insufficiently industrialized to do more than absorb the worst and most cheaply reproduced aspects of an industrial design invented elsewhere—in Italy, the States, Holland, Britain and Scandinavia. That this should be happening in France is, for all the obvious reasons, infinitely depressing and humiliating. The current exhibition at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs has, therefore, an importance and a poignancy that it cannot have for the sophisticated bourgeois in New York or Stockholm. The faces of the spectators, to whom the somewhat arch and precious simplicity, the chaste sumptuousness of these rough-textured mats, asymmetrical potteries and monolithic cutlery have opened real horizons of discovery, reveal the eagerness and resignation of the beggar gazing into the restaurant window. The country's economy and its taste must be reformed before we can sit down to the feast.

Annette Michelson

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NATIONWIDE EXHIBITIONS

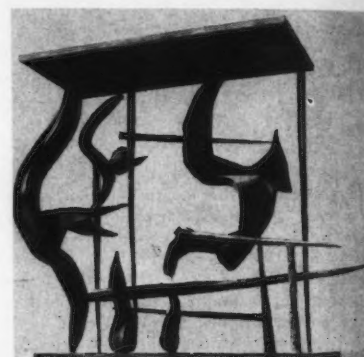
Ferber Retrospective at Bennington

THE small retrospective of Herbert Ferber's work since 1945 at Bennington College shows a development sensitive to the aesthetic considerations of a generation of American artists whose recognition today is generally secure. Genealogically, it is a generation dating from the late thirties with a marked social orientation and a subsequent reaction in favor of the abstractly symbolic. Sculpturally, it is a generation propounding the romance of men like Theodore Roszak, David Smith, David Hare and Seymour Lipton. Smith's totemism, for instance, is only a specialization of what Ferber developed oppositely from the same biomorphic root—a baroque enchantment with space. In this respect, a purely biomorphic work, the lead *Three-Legged Figure* of 1945, looks both forward and back—forward to the open construction of his *Roofed Sculpture* of 1954 and the spiky metal calligraphy of the last two years, back to realistic works in wood (not shown) whose distortions are incipient with pure stylization. A thread of idealism is constant, so that one wonders if the generic idea of his art has adapted itself to a changing situation other than to adopt new materials and techniques to meet a desire to work directly in sheet metal, copper and brass with the welder's torch. He has moved from actual solids to hypothetical solids of space which his suspended forms expedite, his fused textures dramatize; but in the end he has simply transferred from one corporate experience to another. And the forms, though opening grandly now, are an extension of his technique just as his earlier stylization was elicited by heroic concepts. Within his system he has found great variation, from the circular *Spheroid* (1952) to wall sculptures and stabiles. The result is fascinating, integrated work intended, perhaps, for a world that has not come to pass.

Sidney Tillim



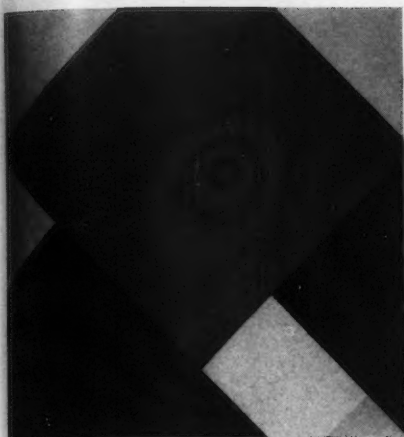
Herbert Ferber, *Three-Legged Figure* (1945).



Ferber, *Roofed Sculpture* (1954).



Ferber, *Calligraph—Four Part* (1957).



Théo van Doesburg, *Composition* (1924).

Stedelijk Masterworks in Boston

IN AN exhibition of "Paintings from the Stedelijk Museum," fifty masterworks from Amsterdam's renowned gallery of modern art will be featured at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston from January 7 to February 4. After the Institute showing the works will be presented by three co-sponsoring museums—the Milwaukee Art Center, the Columbus Gallery of Fine Arts and the Walker Art Center, Minneapolis. The exhibition has been organized by Thomas M. Messer, director of the Institute, and Dr. W. Sandberg, director of the Stedelijk, with the aim of representing the total scope of the Amsterdam collection, which is one of the largest and best of its kind in the world. However, the Stedelijk's special concern with the art of the Netherlands will be reflected in a strong Dutch section that begins with five masterpieces by Van Gogh, then surveys the De Stijl movement—four Mondrians are included—and concludes with the work of Karel Appel and other contemporaries. Matisse, Braque, Picasso, Bonnard, Léger and others represent France. Beckmann and Kirchner are among the German Expressionists selected. Italian Futurists and moderns include Balla, Severini and Campigli. Ensor, Klee, Kandinsky and Malevitch show varying modern manifestations from Belgium to Russia, and Jackson Pollock speaks for American Abstract Expressionism.

Painting of the 1950's in Houston

AN EXHIBITION entitled "New York-Paris: Painting of the 1950's" is currently on view at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston, Texas (January 9-February 8). Seventeen French painters and fifteen from New York are included in the group. The French section was selected by Bernard Dorival of the Musée de l'Art Moderne in Paris; the American section, by Dore Ashton, art critic for the *New York Times*. Representing Paris in this exhibition are: Bazaine, Commère, Soulages, Da Silva, Tal Coat, Singier, Manessier, Pignon, Atlan, Hartung, Marchand, Minaux, Rebeyrolle, Lorrjou, De Staël, Mathieu and Buffet. The New York group includes Baziotes, Brooks, De Kooning, Stamos, Gottlieb, Guston, Kline, Ferren, Rothko, Vicente, Yunkers, Motherwell, Tworikov, Hartigan and Mitchell.



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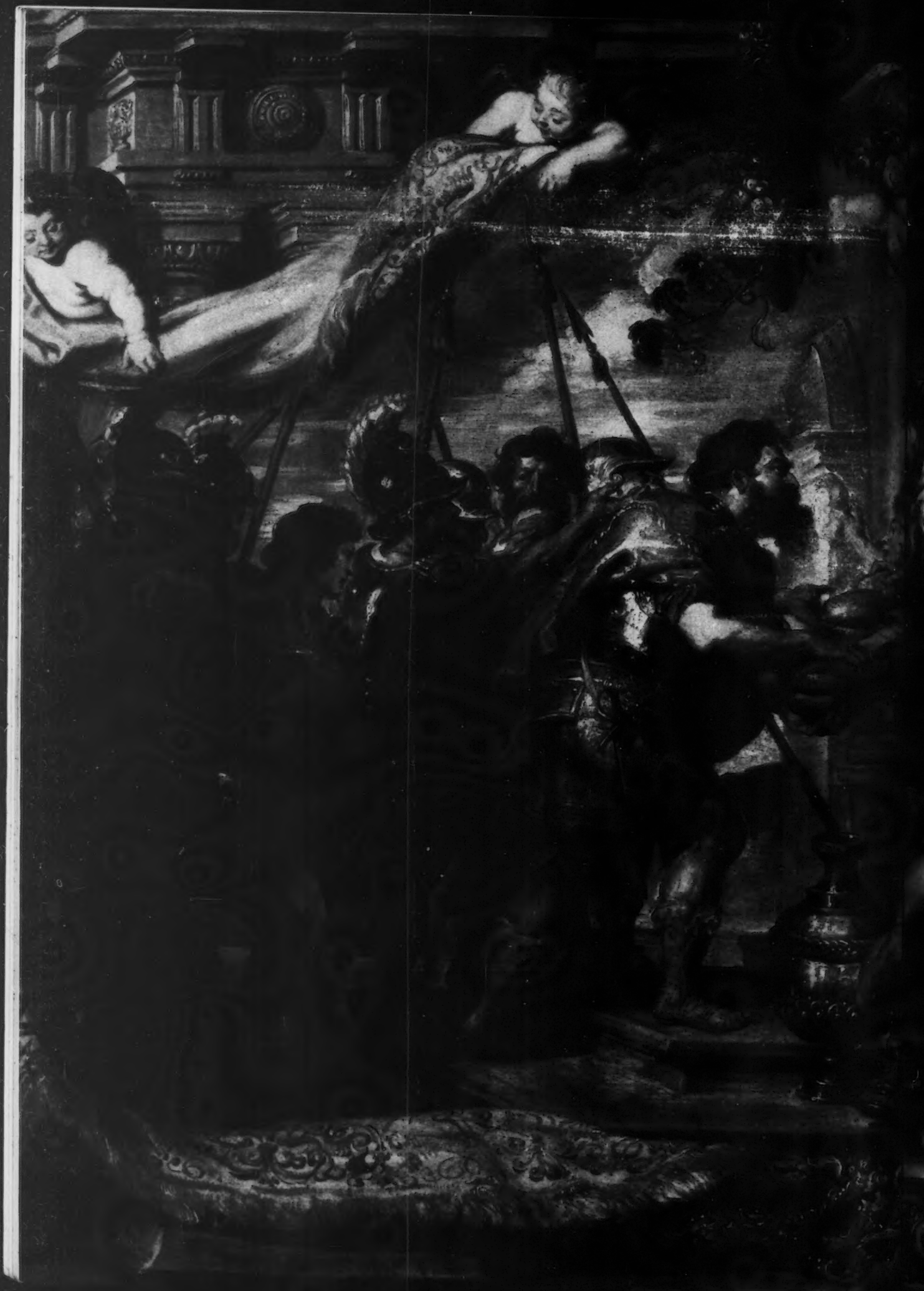
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**New Acquisition
at the National Gallery**

AQUIRED with funds donated by Mrs. Syma Busiel, an important panel from the hand of the greatest Flemish artist of the seventeenth century has entered the collection of the National Gallery in Washington. The painting is part of a series commissioned from Rubens by the Infanta Isabella of Spain about 1625. The series was devoted to "The Triumph of the Eucharist," and Rubens' paintings were the basis of the twenty Brussels tapestries woven for the Convent of the Poor Clares in Madrid and hanging there to this day. The painting acquired by the National Gallery, a wood panel twenty-six by thirty-three inches, is developed in such detail that there is little doubt that this particular picture was the *modello*, or visualization, presented to the Infanta Isabella to illustrate the effect she could expect from the monumental tapestry series.

Peter Paul Rubens, *The Meeting of Abraham and Melchizedek*.



Matteo de' Pasti, *Medal of Guarino da Verona, Humanist* (c. 1460); Morgenroth Collection.

Rediscovering the Renaissance

A pioneering exhibition at the Detroit Institute of Arts makes clear that the Renaissance *was* inventive in crafts and design—with an inventiveness that speaks of human respect, skill and cultivation.

BY CREIGHTON GILBERT

AT THE grand exhibition called "Decorative Arts of the Italian Renaissance," at the Detroit Institute of Arts, perhaps the first thing the professionals notice is that no exhibition on this subject has been done before. And it is right to look at the show professionally. It not only has a scholarly theme, but an installation and even a big catalogue that reflect the work of specialists. Only minimum attention has been given to the notion of a public hit.

Though the catalogue speaks of the "arts of life" and of how the decorative arts show a unity of man's experience, that claim is very dubious for what was done between 1400 and 1600, the inclusive dates of the exhibition. This kind of decorative art deploys quite another sort of value. Unified art is what we like to find in the Middle Ages and what schools of design hope to make normal today. It is in fact the Renaissance that rejected this idea for something else. Small wonder then that America has nothing, in the way of specialized Renaissance collections, corresponding to the Cloisters or Dumbarton Oaks, or that this is the first exhibition assembled on its subject. Small wonder besides that it was assembled in a serious, almost dry way, with the objects hardly deviating from an installation ranged along shelves or in cases at nobody's eye level, and with a technician's

catalogue frequently limited, in the European manner, to entries like "Planiscig connects it with Severo da Ravenna." Or, to be positive, it is equally small wonder that the same impulse produces a catalogue with a hundred or so excellent illustrations, and that the choice of objects, when the viewer looks from one to the next with proper professional care, turns out to be of spectacular quality. It is a serious show.

In two years of work Mr. Paul L. Grigaut, Chief Curator at Detroit, obtained loans not only from all over America, but from twenty-five Italian museums and libraries, not to mention the Louvre, the Rijksmuseum, the Victoria and Albert and ad infinitum. Sections of the catalogue are written by "the" authority—Grancsay on armor, Salmi on manuscripts, etc.; individual entries bring special information, not published before, from Middeldorf and Pope-Hennessy; large blocks of the exhibition come from "the" collection—Morgenroth for medals, Gutman for jewels, and so on. What is more, they are the right objects. Nothing could be further from the common situation in large exhibitions, in which the content is determined by what is readily

Pile on Pile Velvet (c. 1450); Museo Nazionale, Florence.

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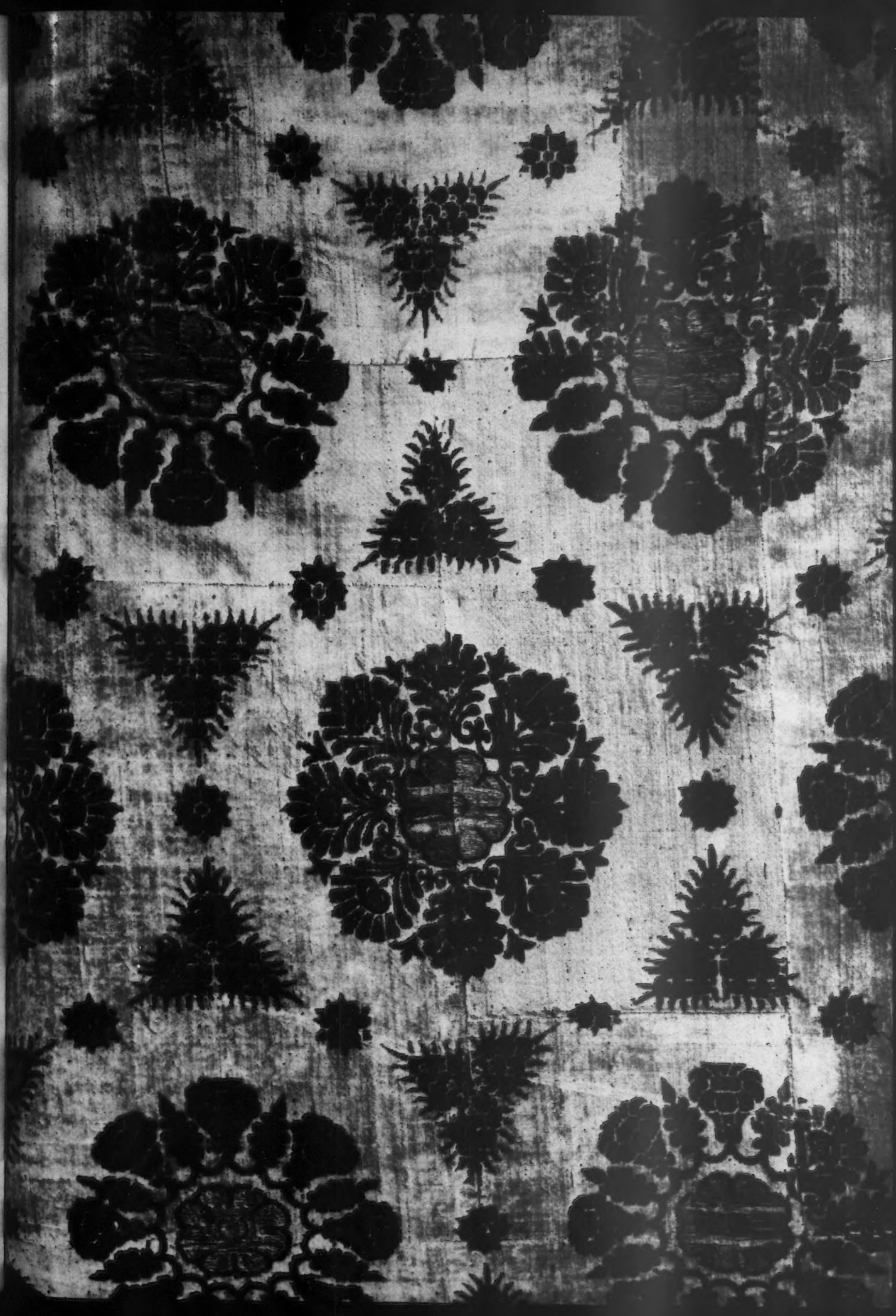
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Rediscovering the Renaissance



Plate, from Castel Durante (c. 1530);
Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford.

Marriage Beaker, Venetian Glass (c. 1475);
Cleveland Museum of Art.



loanable and the organizer functions as the expert on each exhibition *ex officio*.

As a result of all this, the exhibition at once inspires reflection. Here we can investigate the birth of what we deplore, the loss of continuity among the arts, the first separation between the major and the minor. And since these minor-art objects are beautiful, it also becomes possible to explore something more complicated: what true values were born, or thought to be born, that impelled the Renaissance to let the old ones go.

AS WE look at these handsome dishes, textiles, books and boxes, and think of medieval ones, perhaps the first implication that develops is as follows. We are here observing the first age that was characterized by a lag or split—not the universal kind in which the province walks thirty years behind the center, but the modern kind in which furniture and clothes show a constant half-tendency to develop their own aesthetic isolated from painting and sculpture while holding on to an older era of culture.

Among the variety of arts shown, the extreme case of this is the textiles. Examining these velvets and silks, how is one to define them as Renaissance—as shifting from the Medieval—or as anti-modern? Their stylized patterns, their two-dimensionality—"truth to materials," as it were—their precision of craftsmanship, all are traditional, and all have the same sureness as their Islamic or Byzantine predecessors. The rugs that we see in fifteenth-century paintings remind us further how much those predecessors were admired. That is surely an irony when we recall how much the new type of commercial society which is linked to the Renaissance depended on fine textiles economically. To be sure, these have perhaps more lavishness, more forced contrast of colors, than do the medieval textiles. But there is plainly no more in that than a movement of fashions within the same general assumptions. Embroidery is different. In it we get realistic pictures, based on painting, and in the best cases using the design of a painter, like Tura. This is un-medieval and new.

But it has to be marked as an unsuccessful art, as is demonstrated through this very dependence. It cannot be denied that the finest tapestries are those directly dependent on people like Tura (or Raphael), and at the same time that such a tapestry is never equal in interest to Tura in paint.

Very much the same situation turns up when we consider the status of pottery. Renaissance Italian pottery has given two special words to the language, "majolica" and "faïence"—which would seem to be a token that it is an original creation. Yet the former of these by its etymology (from the island of Majorca) merely records the source of these wares in Hispano-Moresque ceramics. Thus the same Islamic sources are present as in the textiles.

The exhibition shows pottery in outstanding individual examples, and makes the point, unfamiliar to nonspecialists, of its many varieties of style, connected with producing towns. These however divide themselves readily into two moods. The fifteenth-century works and some of the later ones, as the catalogue says, are functional in their very ornamentalism—and are very close to what we admire in Persian ceramics. They are chiefly not from the most famous centers of Deruta and Faenza. On the other hand the later work, especially from Deruta, concentrates on narrative pictures, most often after designs by Raphael. This latter sort of pottery is proudly shown in every great museum, and has its devotees and connoisseurs. They can answer the obvious criticism by pointing out that painting cannot be called "married" to canvas, and that the color harmonies of pottery are special. Yet the same terrible failure of art that afflicts the embroideries reappears here: if this is a workable art, why must its designs be derivative from those invented for painting, with its divergent needs?

THIS MUCH of the Renaissance seems negative enough to suit a Neo-Scholastic. It takes only a small move, though, from a dish to another sort of domestic vessel, to see a change that offers a

brilliant revelation. Before doing that, however, it is worth while to use the exhibition's evidence to show that the situation in textiles and pottery is not isolated, but illustrates a broad tendency. Still elsewhere we see medieval design surviving beside novel imitation of a major art, with no vital development. Manuscript illumination is an obvious example. Its ornamental borders in some styles of the period are hard to distinguish from those of the twelfth century, while its pictures may be by or copied from masters of painting. Despite the suggestions of Professor Salmi, actual painting by picture-painters in books seems to have been very rare. Even when it certainly occurred, the circumstances show the divergent approaches of the two kinds of painters. Lorenzo Monaco (too early for the show) would seem to be the great exception. But when he painted miniatures, as Marvin Eisenberg acutely observed to me, he executed only the scene, leaving the borders to a miniaturist, and thus indicating his monumental, "major art" aesthetic. What illumination does prove for all these arts, though, is that the adoption of the narrative scene is not itself the fallacy; it is only necessary to think of the great narrative imagery in medieval manuscripts.

Illumination in the fifteenth century, unlike pottery and textiles, suffers of course the disadvantage of being obsolescent altogether. The same is true of armor, of all arts the most medieval. Here again the catalogue records the change from earlier functionalism to later decorativeness. And yet, perhaps mainly because Mr. Grancsay's display is so superb in clarity and polish, that contradiction in terms which is Renaissance armor goes far toward persuading everyone that it is logical. Besides, unlike the other crafts mentioned, it owes to nobody; the ornamental dizziness which it reaches is its own, and always relates to the iron and the shape. Perhaps we have to admit that, though armor was not used in the medieval way any more, its

use in parades carried a true even if a nostalgic place in people's lives.

From this half-encouragement, we can turn to an achievement. If pottery belongs to Majorca, glass belongs to Venice; Venetian glass is a Renaissance art, or, what is more distinctive, a Renaissance craft. It is in the fifteenth century that it emerges from obscurity, and its technical and visual qualities are so unlike those of earlier glass as to frustrate historians. More interestingly, its designs behave as today we think crafts ought to: they make their point by working with and unexpectedly enriching the inherent habit of the medium, not borrowing from painting or any other. Glass had never been like this before, but this can only be glass. The special colors, darkly gleaming or vibrantly refracting, the special shapes, tense and light, the patterns based on these colors and shapes, record a moment of man's inventiveness.

This glass is one of several things that suggest another general deduction, this time an unpopular one. The Renaissance *was* inventive in crafts and design. It used medieval crafts unhappily, mosaic and enamel as much as pottery. The Middle Ages did not invent mosaic, but made it their own, and similarly the Renaissance owns the processes of engraving on metal, for itself and for transfer to paper, the former as seen here in nielli. It owns the small-scale bronze figure, it owns typography and lettering in general, both to be discussed below, along with its greatest and most taken-for-granted ownership of the first easel painting. These are all craft-technical developments in functional forms. Our habit of linking the Middle Ages and craftsmanship should not blind us to all this. It is curious that craft revivals today mean so much weaving and enamel, and hardly any glass or typographic designing. Yet after the medievalism of Morris, fine printers have had to discard medieval for Renaissance scripts.



Andrea Riccio, *Arion* (c. 1500);
Musée du Louvre, Paris.



Bertoldo, *Man on Horseback* (c. 1475);
Galleria Estense, Modena.

Rediscovering the Renaissance



Andrea Riccio, *Youth with Reed Flute*, (c. 1510);
Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore.

THE exhibition has eleven sections, but more than one-fourth of the objects are in one, that of bronzes. This is quite proper, for they, including statuettes and medals, are in a different world from pottery and even glass. Symptoms of this fact are that the technical inventiveness of Pisanello's models is almost familiar (although, once again, we do not work this craft) and that names of artists are a significant approach to this area. The king of the exhibition is Riccio. Indeed, some of the definitions would not include these works among decorative arts at all. They are not "applied" in either sense of the word, like embroidery or jewels, nor, like pottery hung on the wall, do they allude to something that had once been applied. A new art, they can only sit on a table, being themselves like paintings. They might be decorative arts by some other definitions, yet I suspect that their inclusion here in our minds results partly from a fallacy in that scholarship which has otherwise served the exhibition so well. Small bronzes are not a normal part of our broad view of Renaissance art; instead, they have remained the preserve of particular collectors and connoisseurs, as few, as detached and almost as eccentric as those of cigar boxes. These men have not dealt with the problems which interest us in painting—the qualities of expressiveness, historical movements in style—and have left questions of authorship in a primitive state. Yet the works act in these ways, as individual creations of individual artists, like painting.

This exhibition may be one of several current activities which will bring these bronzes to a point in our awareness near that of the other "major" arts. It was an instructive pleasure to go through these with Hubert Landais, who is preparing the catalogue of the Louvre bronzes, and to see him illustrate distinctions of original or derivative, and of date. Here the exhibition serves the function familiar in painting exhibitions, of bringing together scattered works and helping to define the image of personality. And here too came the most impressive evidence of the organizers' skill in including "scoops"—works recently debated, and famous works that are keys to many others. And when we look at them, we are drawn to them each by each, no longer as types.

They begin with Boston's *St. Christopher* of 1407, great document as well as handsome work, between Ghiberti and Brunelleschi, probably closer to Ghiberti in its accomplished curvature. They move to Bertoldo's rider, lent from Modena, for some observers the most beautiful object on show. It can well set the tone for seeing the real accomplishment of Renaissance style in bronze sculpture. Its extraordinary quality is its flexibility, the organic motion in which forceful mass is channeled through grace and even lyricism. The byplay between solid active forms and small ornament is very refined; garlands and flowers, refusing to freeze in patterns, maintain a rough, flinging suggestion of growth that refers back to the rider's action. This is like Donatello in any size. What it is not like is the derivative small bronze, too easily bracketed with it, where smooth patterns submerge the human imagery and approach what was once called industrial art.

Besides being Bertoldo's teacher, Donatello is of course the spark behind the great Paduan development of this art. The work of Riccio assembled here amounts to a one-man show in celebration. Riccio is still as encrusted with hopeful attributions as Donatello was fifty years ago. The purified group of works here, from Venice, Paris, Oxford and elsewhere, shows that he shares the general approach of Bertoldo, vital, poignant and agile. The urbane learnedness that sets him apart needs to be brought into connection with some general points below.

L'Antico, on the other hand, offers a reminder that an almost two-dimensional linear dryness, tending toward classic abstrac-

tion, can be as intense and personal here too as it became again in Canova. The divergence between two sets of his reliefs can be usefully studied, one absolutely in this vein, the other loose by comparison, though it would hardly seem so in any other context. Other individuals crowd for attention. If the pieces related to Giambologna seem to have less of an effect, it is probably a matter either of an area still to be pioneered or of complicated workshop arrangements. On the other hand, a work signed by Vittore Gambello is a good reminder of existing personalities who have not been gifted with attributions at all.

We also need soon to take the medalists away from the specialist connoisseurs whom we have allowed to monopolize them. The variety of portrait and allegory, of technical elegance and design finesse, will only then show its relation to other arts. At present it seems best merely to observe a fantastic creation like Matteo de' Pasti's head of the philologist Guarino, its working of severe form with casual intimacy, as a sample of endless exploitation of this smallest form.

SO THEN, medals, bronze statuettes, glass, something of parade armor, something of engraving—in these Renaissance Italy was alive and original in the decorative arts, while in other categories it lagged or imitated. One must ask what drive in Renaissance man is implied by these selective talents. Though the catalogue's suggestion about the arts permeating life did not turn out acceptable, its later conclusion seems to be fully confirmed. The conclusion is that these are the arts that concentrate on the precious and the brilliant, the making of things which, so far from expressing other functions, excite admiration simply by their choiceness. There is no English term for such pieces, but the catalogue's adoption of the old auction-room term *objets de vertu* seems allowable with a little extension. The metaphor of gems suggests itself, since they concentrate visual brilliance and precise skill in a small compass for our useless admiration. But the error of that analogy is made plain by a glance at the actual jewelry contained in the exhibition. It does not fit the mood of the other work. To be sure, that is partly because it all belongs to the end of the age, and shows off a late Mannerist ideology, which we now recognize is far away from the Renaissance. Besides, these preposterous and fascinating concoctions, with their evidently intended vulgarity, do not at all match the simpler forms of jewels that we see in Renaissance portraits of women.

If the exhibition at this point is out of alignment by what it includes, it also excludes one of the greatest Renaissance crafts, the design of printed letters and books. The organizers record this omission, and at least in thought we must set Nicholas Janson beside Andrea Riccio as one of the great artist-craftsmen. Now his work is not gemlike. Furthermore, it is not useless, not aristocratic or personal or sumptuous. Yet in certain ways it is fully akin to the medals and engraved plates and helps to explain them. None of these is brilliant in materials, but becomes so through human respect and skill, making harmonies out of humble resources. More specifically, the use of books for learning and imagining is related to the special way in which the bronzes, even some of the armor, may be admired. That is its extension beyond the visual to the poetic and thoughtful enhancement of feeling. Riccio's *Arion* is intellectual, even literary, not only in subject, but in the sophistication or refinement of its assumed observer. He is of the upper class in talent, not in birth—a point that Renaissance men enjoyed making. A learning flavored with brilliance, a brilliance reinforced with learning: that is the special civilization on which this exhibition sharpens our focus.

Report on the Carnegie International

Including sculpture for the first time, the 1958 Pittsburgh exhibition is a brilliant report on current taste and contemporary values on an international scale.

BY HILTON KRAMER

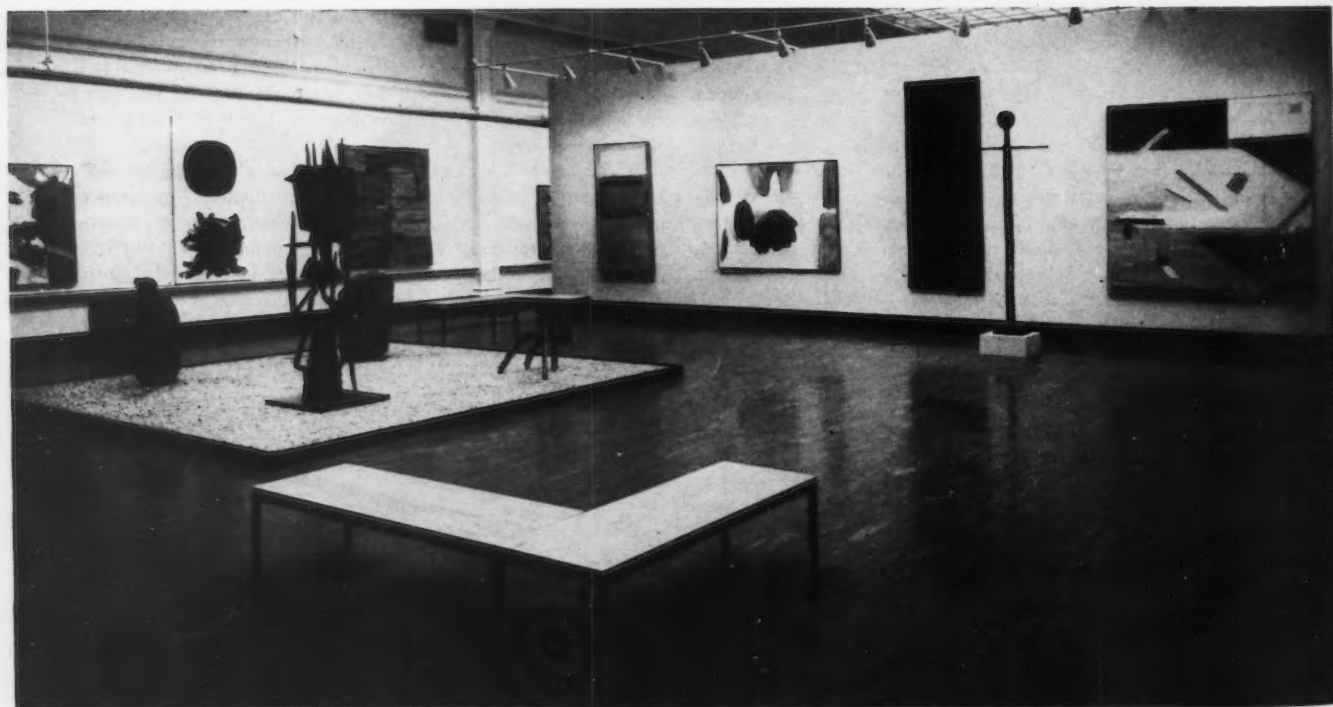
THIS YEAR'S Carnegie International [December 5-February 8], the first since 1955, is a more elaborate event than usual. Normally, the exhibition stands in stark contrast to the industrial blight of Pittsburgh itself, and in the past it has often been the scandal of an ignorant public and its clamoring, Neanderthal newspapers. This year the International has adopted a new civic air in associating itself with Pittsburgh's bicentennial celebrations. It has also cast a retrospective glance at its own past in the form of an exquisite show of ninety-five paintings recalled from earlier Internationals. At the same time it has expanded its coverage of the contemporary scene to include, for the first time, sculpture as well as the customary paintings and miscellaneous oddments of current pictorial art. Thirty-one nations are represented in the exhibition, which includes a total of 494 works. Altogether, it is an ambitious and impressive achievement, an exhibition which is instructive and pleasurable without being didactic or frivolous.

One has doubts, of course, about a number of works included in so vast an array, and it is dismaying to note certain omissions. Yet beyond all doubts, one is struck by the intelligence

of the selection and the clarity of the installation. This year's International is a very large show, large enough to have fallen an easy victim to disorder and confusion in its presentation to the public, and one is all the more grateful for the care—and the eye—which has made of it a model of visual exposition.

Unlike most international exhibitions, the Carnegie is not subject to the vicissitudes of committees operating within subcommittees of still other committees. (At least this is true of the selection. The prizes are another matter, which will be discussed presently.) The selection is the work of Gordon Bailey Washburn, Director of Fine Arts at the Carnegie Institute, and it gains much of its force from being the choice of a coherent point of view. Even though one is often moved to quarrel with specific choices and to question certain aesthetic tastes which limit the exhibition, nevertheless there is a point of view here which is unmincing and clearly stated. One questions it, but one is never in doubt about its identity. That in itself is a welcome relief after so many committee compromises which have passed themselves off as the will of the gods.

It must be noted, however, that this coherence seems to derive



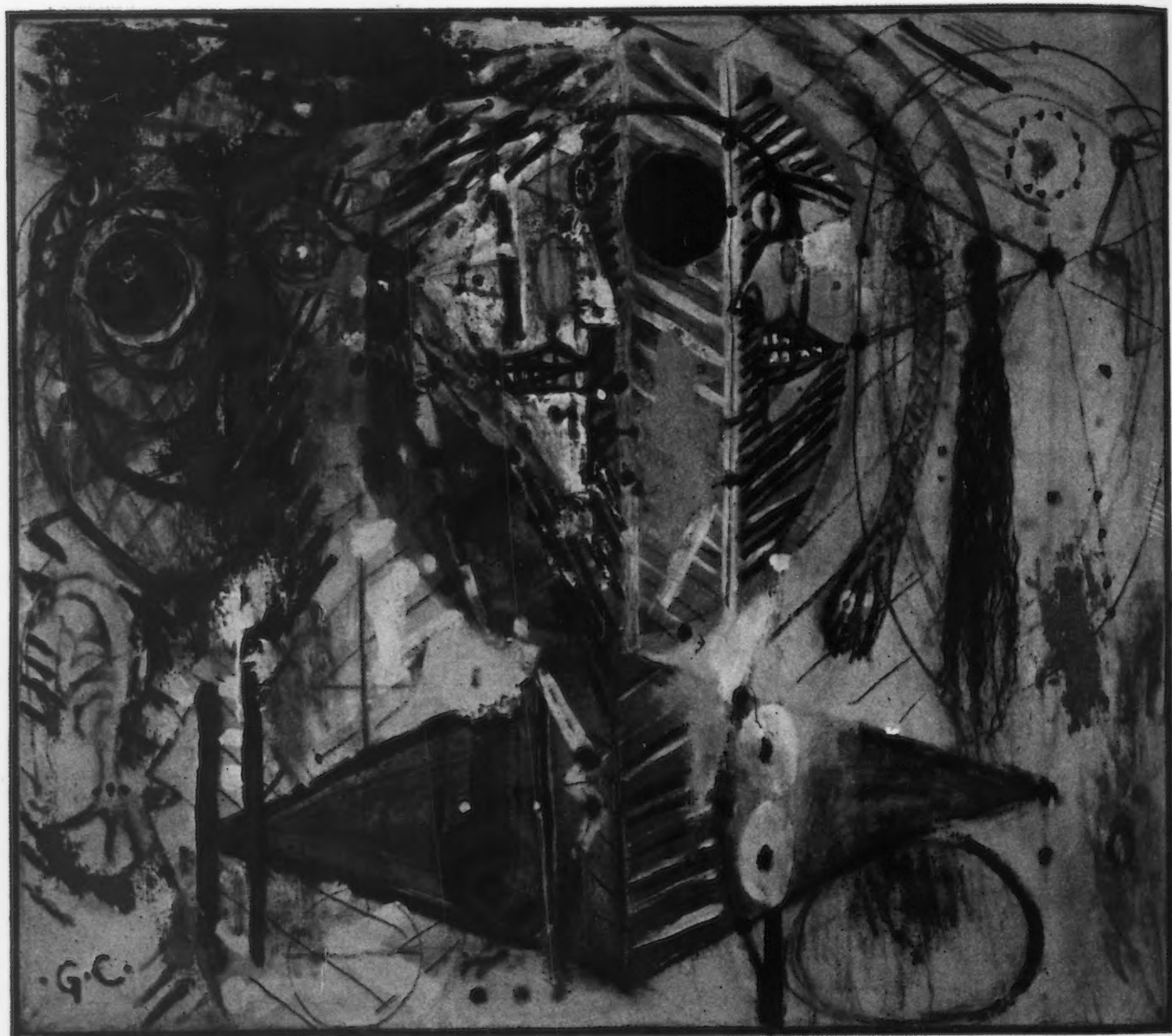


COURTESY WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY, LONDON

Alan Davie, *Target for NO Shooting*.

Paintings, from left to right: Afro, Adolph Gottlieb, Alberto Burri, Mark Rothko, Wolfgang Holleggha, Ad Reinhardt, Kenzo Okada. Sculpture: Kenneth Armitage, Robert Müller, Etienne-Martin, Eduardo Chillida, F. E. McWilliam.

Report on the Carnegie International



COURTESY CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

George Cohen, *The Serpent Chooses Adam and Eve*.

from an almost impersonal estimate of the current scene. One feels that the exhibition has been brilliantly calculated, and inevitably this kind of brilliance is a little chilly. One looks in vain for an idiosyncrasy of personal taste. It is not to be found. Mr. Washburn makes no discoveries. Such an effort lies outside his mission, if not his talents.

In itself, this is not particularly distressing. There are plenty of critics among us who make "discoveries" as regularly as their copy deadlines. What is distressing is something quite otherwise: what I can only call Mr. Washburn's short memory. If a painter has not been active on the exhibition scene for a couple of seasons, if he has not lately been caught in a flush of pub-

licity or enjoyed the advantage of an astute dealer, the chances are that he has not been invited to the International. In this respect, it is the younger men who fare best. Mr. Washburn has shown a keen eye in selecting the work of younger or lesser-known artists. It is the older artists who are passed over if they happen not to be current favorites.

In all this, of course, the Carnegie exhibition resembles the current art scene at large. Indeed, it is precisely this *currency* which characterizes the International as an exhibition. Not only does it draw on current work, but as an exhibition it is above all an elaborate report on current taste. It discloses an understanding of this taste which is dazzling in its completeness and

exactitude, and it conforms to it in every particular. For this reason alone it is an historic exhibition: seldom has a period understood its own official view of itself so well.

THE QUALITIES which have evidently been sought out in selecting the Carnegie exhibition are: strength, elegance and clarity of statement. (There is also an interest in the fashionably off-beat, but it is kept discreetly at the margin.) Now these are unequal qualities, and they are not the only qualities one seeks in art; but again, they are the qualities currently in vogue. Of course, they have different meanings for different artists, and they are not always to be found together in the same work. As a result, the burden often falls on the exhibition—that is, on the works in ensemble—to articulate values which are only to be found in a partial, fragmentary form in individual works.

Consider the main gallery of the Carnegie's third floor—a gallery which houses paintings by Kline, De Kooning, Rothko, Okada, Gottlieb, Tapes, Afro, Francis, Reinhardt, Donati and Burri. This gallery is spacious and airy, and it accommodates these outsize pictures with ease. It is not in the least overwhelmed by them, and the arrangement doesn't let anyone off easily. On the contrary, it is a test of strength—elegance and clarity falling, for the moment, into secondary interest—by artists who are either strong or nothing.

It is the Kline—a painting called *Siegfried* from his last New York exhibition—which makes the most emphatic impact. Most of the paintings in this gallery are black and white, or in gray-ocher values, and in this realm at least, Kline is king. His picture is brutal, of course; its strength is the strength of a clenched fist. It can be taken in too quickly, and it leaves one with curiously little in the aftermath. But there is no denying the immediacy of its impact. The painting by Sam Francis to its right looks effete by comparison. It is a picture in which the tendencies of the last decade come together in a mind which makes of everything it touches a sickly design.

The only painting in this gallery which can boast of any of the old-fashioned painterly values is De Kooning's *Gotham News*. This alone speaks volumes on the current crisis in painting. This picture is testimony to De Kooning's failure to effect the larger synthesis of his classical abstraction of the late forties and the expressive content of the "Women" paintings of the early fifties—the pictorial synthesis which has been the explicit goal of his painting since he restored it to a completely abstract mode three years ago. American critics have lately begun to speak of De Kooning the way critics everywhere have long spoken of Picasso: as if everything that came from his hand had an equal interest as a pure realization of genius. Once critics have mortgaged their minds to this kind of mythomania, there is no stopping it. But it ought to be said that they have made a cruel choice in seizing upon De Kooning for this role just when his painting has reached a critical impasse. Or is it (one wonders) precisely this impasse which inspires the adulation? Is it perhaps a defense against loss of faith in a hero? The recent criticism of De Kooning leaves one with the impression that if these critics did not believe him to be at the top of his powers at all times, they could not believe in him at all.

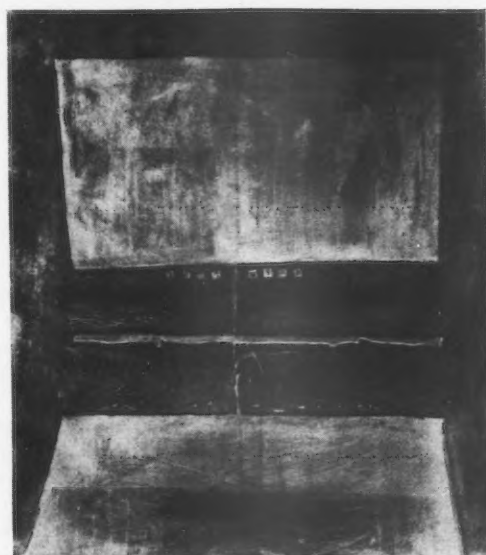
Yet, one has only to glance at the inanity of work like Burri's, Tapes' and others to see why De Kooning retains his stature even in a crisis. A gulf still separates his unrealized expression from the completely realized but utterly vapid work of a figure like Tapes: the one still adheres to a concept of painting as a heightened expression of feeling; the other is only the statement of a bored sensibility whose attenuated sophistication has



Franz Kline, *Siegfried*.



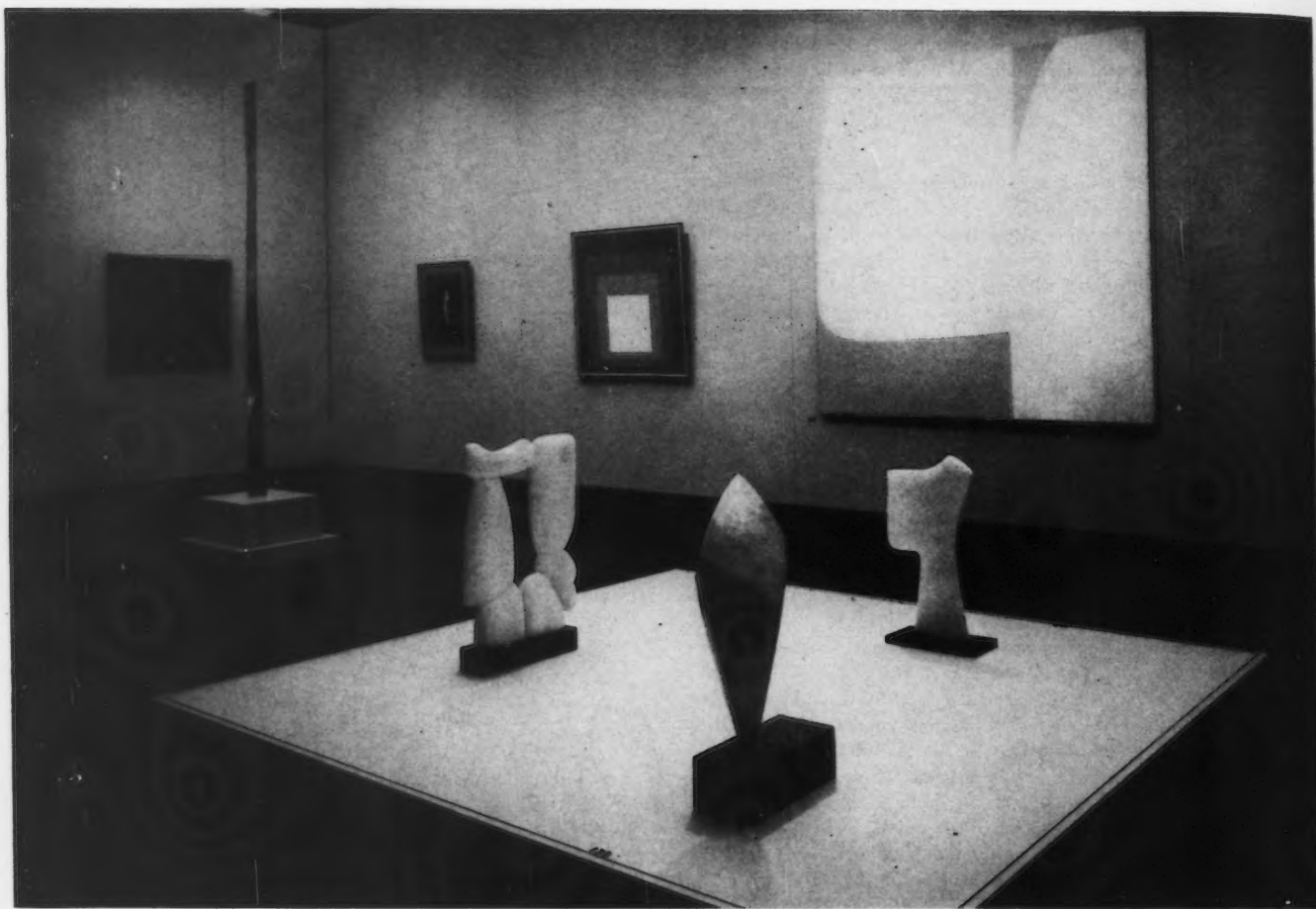
Willem de Kooning, *Gotham News*.



Tapes, *Painting*; First Prize in Painting, \$3,000.

and Eve.

Report on the Carnegie International



Paintings, from left to right: Auguste Herbin, Jean Arp, Josef Albers, Ellsworth Kelly.
Sculpture: Max Bill, Joseph Glasco, Emile Gilioli, Etienne Hajdu.

robbed it of any expressive task worth performing. Should it come as a surprise, then, that it was the latter—Tapiès' slate-gray relief in plaster, cannily entitled *Painting*—which received the Carnegie's top prize of \$3,000 for painting?

I have said that it often falls on the works in ensemble to underscore pictorial values which are isolated and fragmented in single paintings. This gallery provides ample demonstration of that point. As one's eye takes in the succession of plastic statements here—the supererogatory refinements of Reinhardt and Okada; the harsh, expressive ambitions of Kline and De Kooning; the decorative chic of Burri and Francis; and the effort of Afro to find a middle ground between the expressive and the decorative—one is left with an impression either of very small tasks performed supremely well or (less frequent but more interesting) large ambitions compromised by a failure of means. It is the first which convey all the elegance and clarity one could desire; the second reveal the curiously crippled strength. It is only in ensemble, as a collective pictorial experience, that these painters begin to approximate the depth and variety, as well as the infinite capacity of means, which only a few generations ago could be found in a single painting by a master artist. It now requires an enormous *salon* filled with giant pictures to approximate the range of experience which used to adhere to a single canvas, often a very small one at that.

Whatever our sense of loss in this respect, this is the reason that Mr. Washburn's success in the installation of the Carnegie exhibition is a matter of central aesthetic interest and not just

an incidental point of information. Consciously or otherwise, he has had the wisdom to see that the painting of our time requires very special handling in exposition if it is not to degenerate into a series of contradictory statements.

THE CONSCIOUS bringing together of works of common (or related) intellectual affinity at the Carnegie results in several galleries which are sheer tours de force visually and conceptually. The most stunning is the gallery of "Purism" which houses works by Arp (a collage), Albers, Ellsworth Kelly, Fritz Glarner, Myron Stout and Nassos Daphnis, among others. The sculpture in this gallery—a polished brass column by Max Bill, and three exquisite stone carvings by Gilioli, Glasco and Hajdu together on a white platform—confirms an impression conveyed by the painting and collage: namely, of the considerable range of emotion still open to this narrowest of contemporary conventions. The largest statement here, surpassing the didacticism of Albers and even the dilatory perfection of Arp, is Kelly's *Aubade*, a large white and yellow image which has an open-voiced, lyric accent quite removed from the professorial earnestness which often characterizes this mode of painting.

Another of these galleries brings together paintings by Vasarely, Mathieu, Capogrossi, Youngerman, Accardi, Davis, Newman, Nicholson and Dewasne, and sculpture by Albert Terris, Louise Nevelson, James Rosati, Costantino Nivola and Arp. The paintings of Jack Youngerman and Stuart Davis, in

particular, show their strength in this context. Davis' *The Lesson I*, a large oil in black, white, red and green, is quite able to face down the *trompe-l'oeil* high jinks of Vasarely—and in fact, almost everything else in the gallery. Where Davis' art might once have sacrificed its glamour by attaching itself so forthrightly to the pictorial vocabulary of American city life—and thus have appeared tame next to the conceptual acrobatics of Parisian painting—it is this adherence to specific visual experience which now gives him an edge over the likes of Vasarely or Capogrossi, who, by comparison, are quickly reduced to parlor-game strategists in optical effects. Youngerman, I believe, comes off as a painter much the superior of Mathieu—surely the most overrated talent in the international aristocracy of Tachists—through the juxtaposition of their works on adjoining walls.

ONE CANNOT hope to discuss every aspect of an exhibition as large as the Carnegie International, but before going on to the sculpture and the awards, some further notes on the paintings:

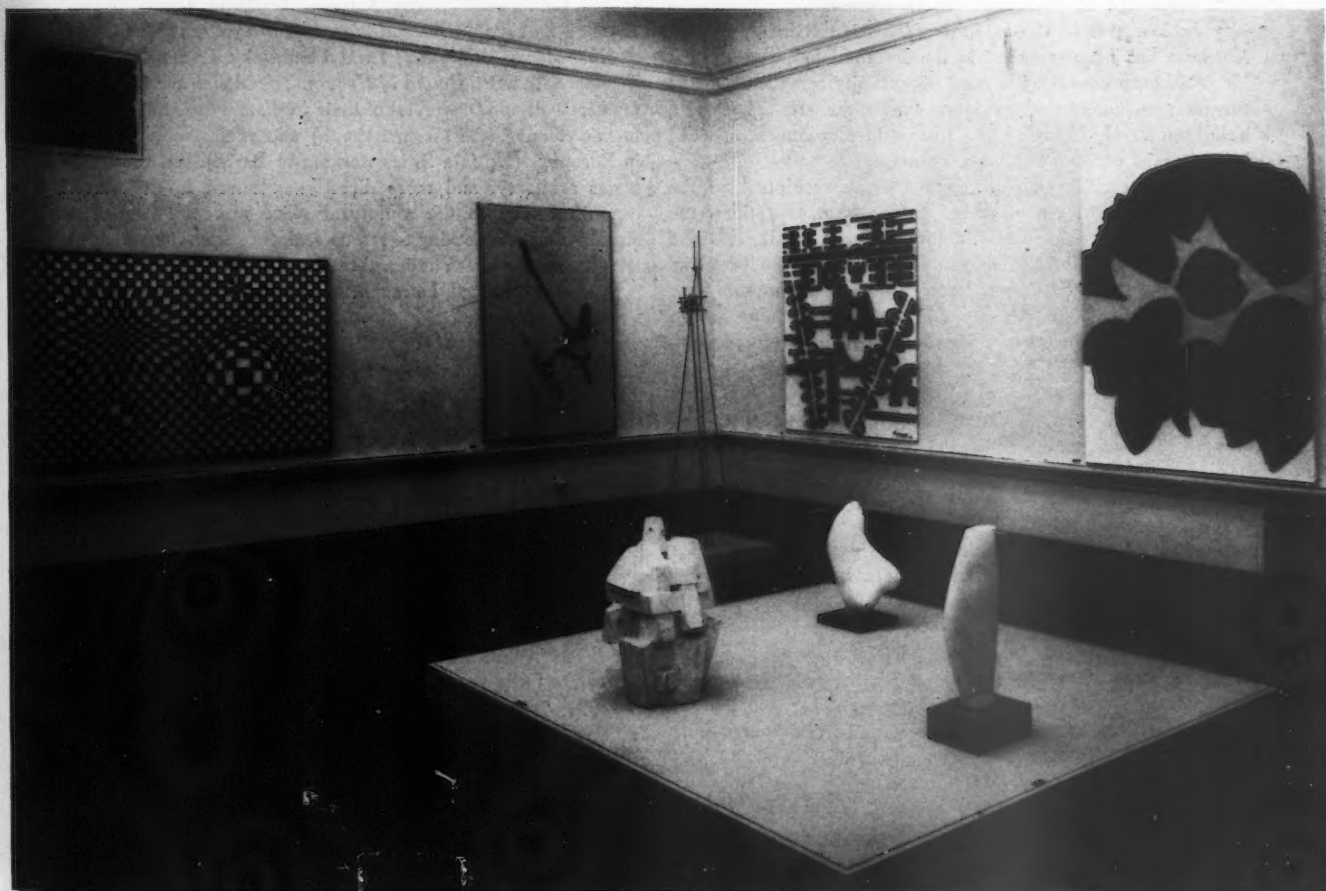
Among the Americans at the Carnegie, I was particularly struck by the force and intellectual density of a painting-collage by George Cohen, entitled *The Serpent Chooses Adam and Eve*. All that this work owes to Picasso and Pollock (or to the Picasso in Pollock?) is obvious, but Cohen takes these materials in a very interesting direction. He is creating a symbolist mode of painting-collage which attempts a synthesis of the pictorial resources of Abstract Expressionism with the kind of symbolic

metaphor usually associated with—and therefore usually discredited with—Surrealism. This is a move contrary to the current pull of history, which is toward the systematic emptying of pictorial content, and it will be interesting to see where it leads. Certainly among the newer collagists and constructionists who currently make a claim on one's attention, Cohen is one of the very few who has a pictorial philosophy worth the name. Unlike some others, he has not made the collage either a plaything for grownups or a coterie scandal.

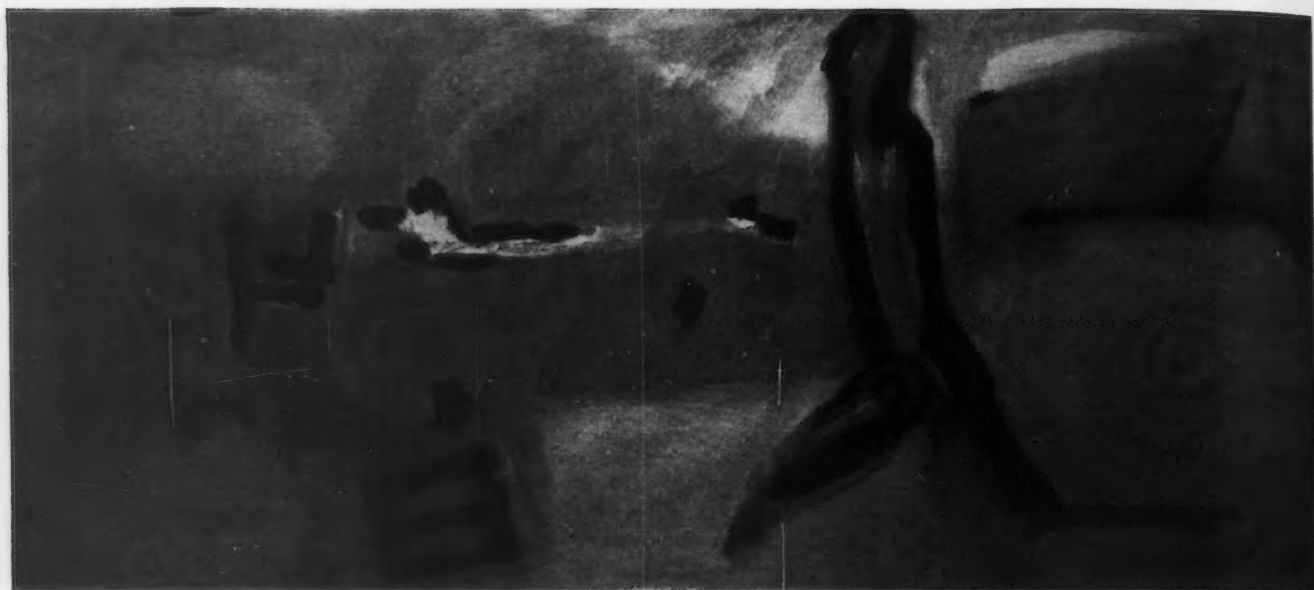
Thinking back on a visit to London and St. Ives a year ago, I had looked forward to seeing the English painters at the Carnegie, but with two exceptions—Alan Davie and William Scott—I found them disappointing. Davie's *Target for NO Shooting* is probably the artist's best picture so far exhibited here, and Scott's *Orange and Pink* is a fine abstraction of his characteristic still-life themes, but otherwise I thought the English section undistinguished. I thought it particularly unfortunate that Terry Frost was not represented by a work which more closely approximates the current scale of his achievement, and that neither Bryan Wynter nor Roger Hilton was represented at all.

Among the French paintings—which as a group seemed quite as defensive and evasive as French painting at large—was one of the singular gems of the exhibition: Pierre Tal Coat's *The Journey III*. It is a great pity that New York has not lately had a good look at this painter's work, which is far more distinguished than nine-tenths of the current French painting shown here.

Paintings, from left to right: Victor Vasarely, Georges Mathieu, Giuseppe Capogrossi, Jack Youngerman. Sculpture: Costantino Nivola, Albert Terris (to rear), Jean Arp, James Rosati.



Report on the Carnegie International



Pierre Tal Coat, *The Journey III*.

IN TURNING to the sculpture at the Carnegie, it is difficult to be entirely fair to the large number of first-class pieces which have been assembled in Pittsburgh, for they are made to assume a very dubious role in the exhibition. This is the first year that sculpture has been included in the International, and I think Mr. Washburn passed up a great opportunity to underscore the current pre-eminence of sculpture among the arts. This could have been a truly historic event, but in this department at least, it has turned out to be rather perfunctory.

The chief criticism one can make of the sculpture at the Carnegie is a criticism of scale. With certain exceptions, the scale of sculpture in the exhibition is very small, and the cumulative impact of this multitude of small, often exquisite sculptures distorts the current preoccupations of sculptors both here and abroad. Nothing like this restraint has obtained in choosing the painting: there Mr. Washburn has responded to current practice, and I wish he had done the same in selecting the sculpture. The whole quality and meaning of the exhibition would have been changed—for the better, I think—if there had been much larger, more monumental works by Smith, Nevelson, Hajdu, Hepworth, Lassaw, Lipchitz, Nivola, Paolozzi, Pevsner, Richier, Stankiewicz and some others. All these artists are included at the Carnegie, but often by work which scarcely begins to convey the true scale of their ideas. The great size of the paintings, moreover, confers on these small sculptures the status of a marginal art, whereas exactly the contrary is now the case.

The few exceptions to this de-emphasis of scale are so exceptional that one immediately feels imposed upon by ulterior motives. The huge Calder mobile, twenty-eight feet in height, which is temporarily installed in the enormous, open stair-well of the Carnegie Institute, no doubt impresses the public exceedingly, just as it did—and was intended to—the committee on awards. But really, Calder's idea—in the end he comes to have only one brilliant but not very far-reaching idea—grows smaller as his work grows bigger. He is one of the few important sculptors on the contemporary scene who does not enlarge his con-

ceptual range by increasing the scale of his work.

The other large sculptures—still small, of course, compared to the Calder—are Henry Moore's *Reclining Figure*, Robert Müller's *Ex Voto*, Mirko's *Motivo Ancestrale Grande*, Noguchi's *Avatar*, Manzù's *Cardinal*, Lynn Chadwick's *Encounter V* and Theodore Roszak's *Hound of Heaven*. The Moore and the Mirko are especially fine examples of their work, and the Müller brings to this country (for the first time?) one of the finest sculptors in Europe.* (He is a Swiss working in Paris.) But the choice seems arbitrary, and more directly addressed to the awards committee than to the sculptural scene at large. These few sizable pieces do nothing to rescue sculpture from the secondary status which has been assigned to it in the exhibition as a whole.

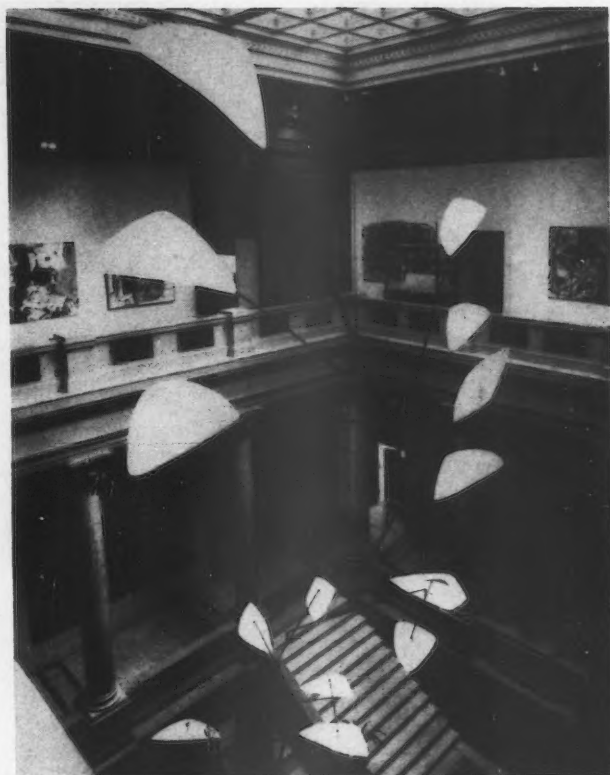
It should be noted, however, that by and large the sculpture has been installed with an affectionate respect for its own spatial quality. In the larger galleries there are delightful, pebbled "gardens" for sculpture which provide it with an ambience of its own, and elsewhere there has been an obvious effort to provide suitable platforms and pedestals. Of course, the pervasive small scale of the sculpture presents aggravating problems in exposition which would not have occurred in the first place had the general scale been larger.

IT REMAINS to say a word on the awards, and the first word must be that the awards are not to be confused with the exhibition. The exhibition has scope and brilliance, whereas the awards are narrow and "interested." The exhibition is the result of many months' labor, supported by several years of planning and deliberation. The awards are the result of a concentrated few days of astute politicking. It goes without saying that jurors with the widest experience on committees of this kind will have developed the most successful techniques for imposing their judgments on the group at large and thus enjoy a tactical ad-

* I note in the Carnegie catalogue that Müller's sculpture is borrowed from the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

vantage which will make itself felt in the final list of prizes. The Carnegie awards [the complete list of jurors and awards appears on page 10] clearly bear the stamp of two jurors in particular: Mr. Sweeney and Professor Venturi. One need only note that Mr. Sweeney has authored monographs on Calder and Moore, who took the first and second sculpture awards, and on Burri, who placed third in painting. Professor Venturi's loyal support of contemporary Italian art is well known, and it was scarcely surprising then to see the names of Afro and Consagra prominent among the winners. The first prize to Tapies is entirely in keeping with Mr. Sweeney's Paris orientation. The truth is that while the aesthetic accent of the International as a whole is overwhelmingly American, there was nobody on the Carnegie jury who spoke for American art with the same partisanship that Mr. Sweeney and Professor Venturi brought to their European enthusiasms. Mr. Washburn is to be congratulated for articulating this American accent—so clearly a true reflection of the international art scene today—in choosing the exhibition, and he deserves our sympathy for getting stuck with a jury which disregarded the point so flagrantly.

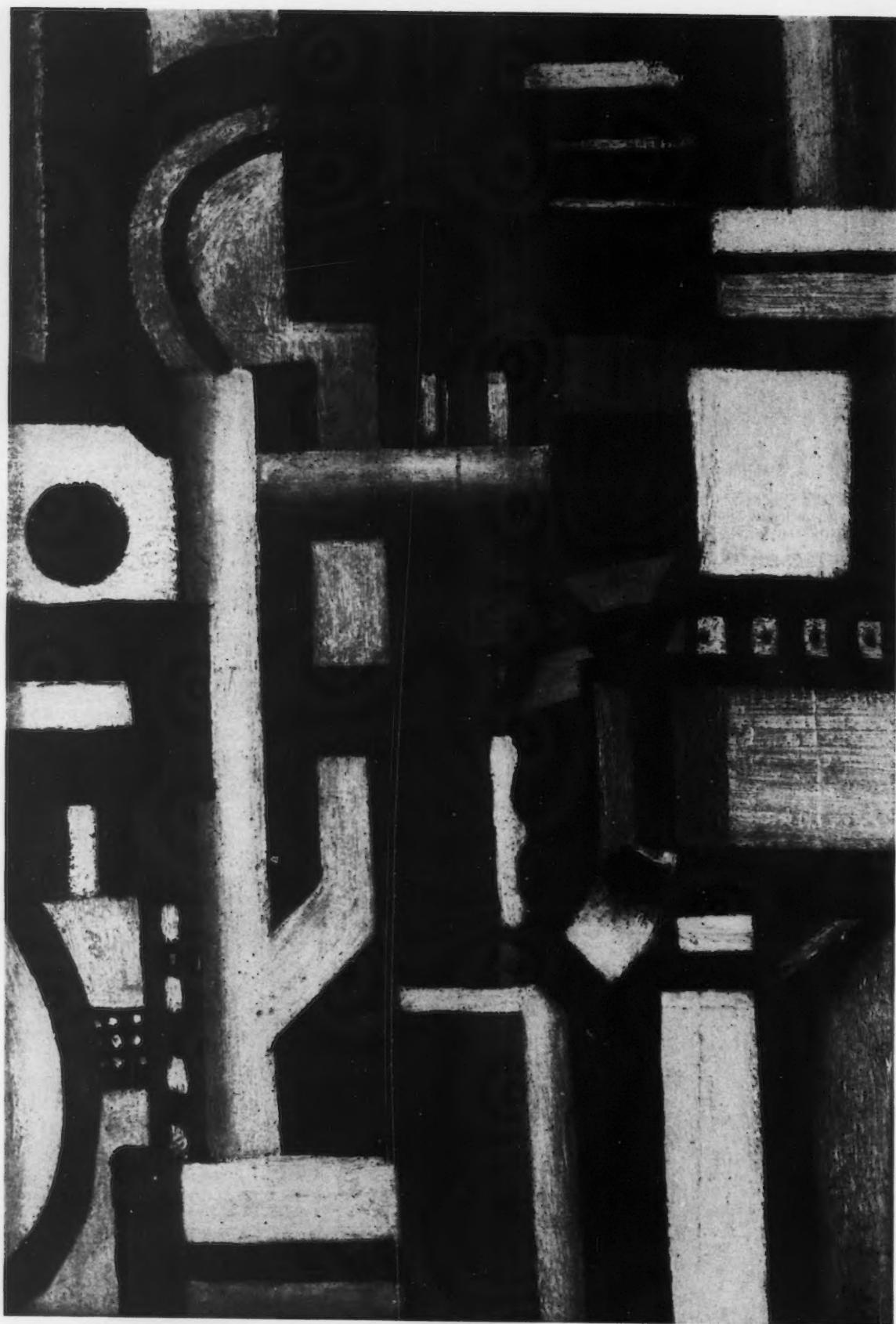
ONE COULD continue to discuss this exhibition at even greater length, but perhaps enough has been said to indicate that it poses the problems of contemporary international art in the most interesting terms. Notwithstanding all the criticisms one feels compelled to make of it, this year's International acquits itself with distinction. Even those who find most to quarrel with in the exhibition remain in its debt, for it does what no other exhibition in this country ever does: it risks a wide-ranging summary of the present moment on an international scale, and thereby compels us to re-examine our experience and judgment.



Alexander Calder, *Pittsburgh*; First Prize in Sculpture, \$3,000.

Henry Moore, *Reclining Figure*;
Second Prize in Sculpture, \$1,500.





Fernand Léger, *Eléments Mécaniques* (1922).



Paul Gauguin,
The Washerwoman (1894).



André Masson,
Vallée dans la Brume (1954).

The Larry Aldrich Collection

A double exhibition

in the South, at Richmond and Atlanta, publicly introduces a young and unique assemblage.

THE current season brings to two art centers of the South an exhibition of nearly a hundred works from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Larry Aldrich. Opening at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts in Richmond on January 16, the initial presentation will continue until March 1. The exhibition will then be transferred to the Atlanta Art Association Galleries, where it will be featured from March 12 to April 30. What the Aldrich Collection attests, in this double showing, is not only a striking breadth of taste, but a bold following of "hunches" and enthusiasms in an

area too recently explored to have its landmarks clearly indicated for general recognition.

As an historical *aperçu*, the collection opens with the Impressionists, Post-Impressionists and Intimists. The earliest work on display is a late Manet, *The Knife Grinder*, followed by Renoir's *Posthumous Portrait of Auguste Bazille*. Notable works by Monet, Signac and Gauguin are included, as well as by Louis Valtat, Bonnard and Vuillard.

The character of the collection, however, is not determined by



John Marin,
Autumn Landscape (1913).



Marsden Hartley,
Musical Themes (1912-13).

The Larry Aldrich Collection



Willem de Kooning,
Two Standing Women (1949).

the turn-of-the-century works, nor yet by the twentieth-century masters included—Braque, Gris, Hartley, Kandinsky, Kirchner, Klee, Marin, Matisse, Miró, Nolde, Picasso, Soutine. Rather the Aldrich assemblage takes its distinctive tone from its broad international representation of young and often little-known talent. From Italy come works by Caruso, Foppiani, Gentilini, Mosca, Muccini, Music, Romiti and Russo. French artists include La Bourdonnaye, Lapoujade and Romathier. Among the Americans are De Kooning, Hartigan, Levee and Rivers. In addition there are the English Alan Davie, the German Karloff, the Greek Macris, the Portuguese Vieira da Silva, the Japanese Suzuki and the Chinese Zao Wou-Ki.

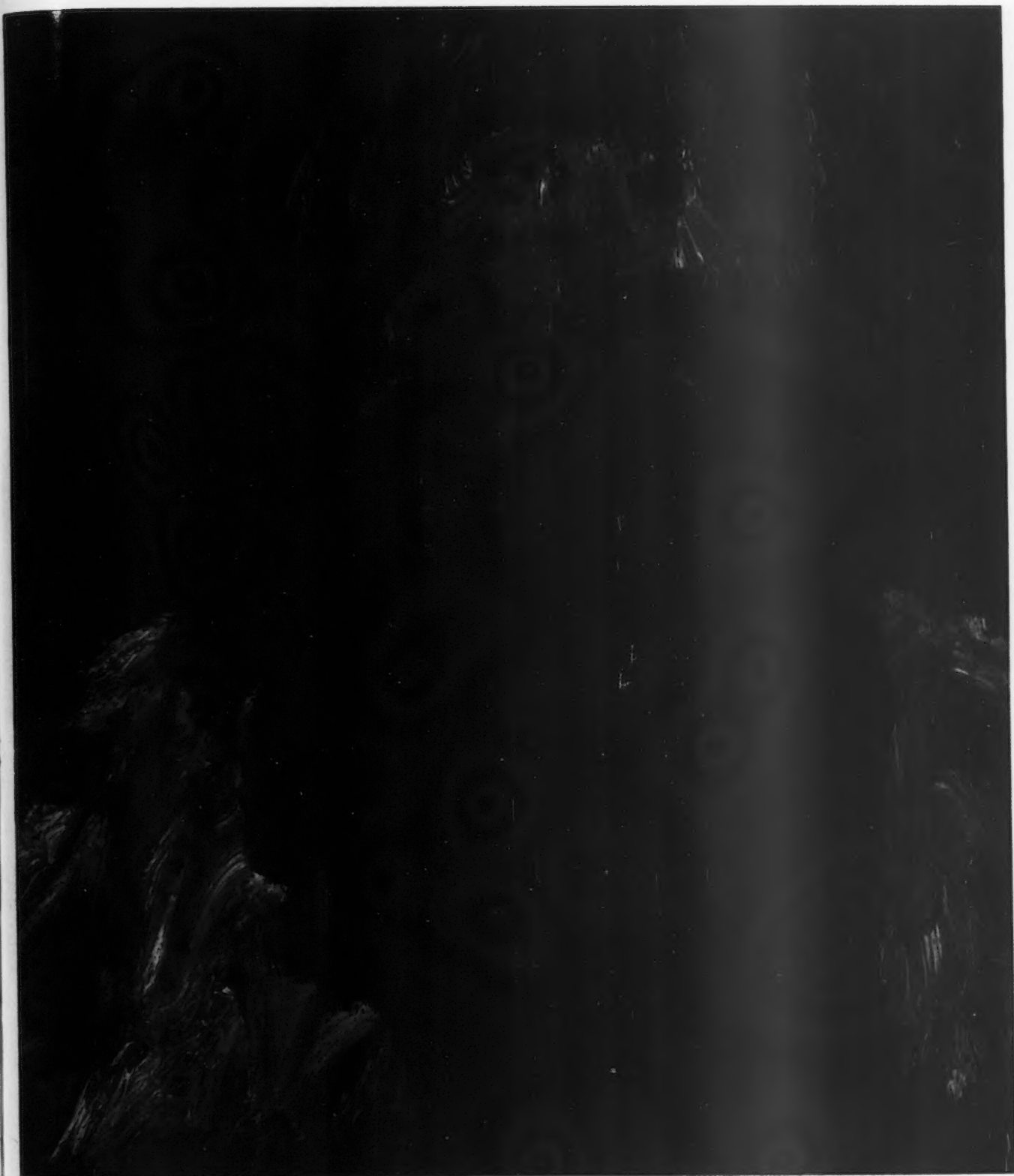
In sculpture the collection reveals the same formative impulses. Young artists represented are the British Chadwick and Paolozzi, the German Kolbe and Mohr, the French César and the American Darling. The background against which they appear is afforded by Degas, Matisse, Laurens and Picasso—with the Spanish master contributing no less than nine examples. In effect, the Aldrich sculptures, numbering twenty pieces, present in epitome the spirit of the entire collection: an alert and wide-ranging interest in the new, coupled with a readiness to "plunge" for the sake of a fervent enthusiasm.

Ernst Ludwig Kirchner,
Negro Dancer (1905).



Wassily Kandinsky,
The Church at Murnau (1908).





COURTESY THE NEW GALLERY

Emil Nolde, *Russian II* (1913).

This violent and uncompromising work by the German Expressionist dates from the year that he, at the age of forty-five, crossed Russia, China and then Japan with an expedition headed for the South Seas.

The Larry Aldrich Collection



Willem de Kooning,
Two Standing Women (1949).

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Fille à la Couronne de Fleurs (1926).

Pascin and the Nude

On the occasion of the Perls Galleries' showing of "The Nude," a critic examines the compulsions dictating the artist's subject matter.

BY ALFRED WERNER

IN 1929—the year before Pascin's death—the German-French poet Yvan Goll said of his friend, "*Son univers, c'est un corps de femme.*" Indeed, woman occupies a more prominent place as subject matter in Jules Pascin's work than in the *oeuvre* of any of the figure painters who were his contemporaries, with the possible exception of the Austrian Egon Schiele. Of an estimated

five hundred oils, at least three-fourths present what I may call the anonymous female nude (single or in groups of two or three)—standing, sitting, sometimes sprawled asleep on a sofa, now and then stark naked, but more often wearing the scant chemise of the twenties. This nude also appears in Pascin's water colors, drawings and etchings; in these media, however,

allegories, night-club interiors, street scenes and landscapes challenge her hegemony. The earliest paintings of the nude were done about 1907, shortly after Pascin reached Paris, but the overwhelming majority were produced during the last five years of the artist's life.*

The model Pascin used differs markedly from the female preferred by other modern painters of the nude. Her name is unknown, her face unmemorable. By contrast, the sophisticated Victorine Meurent, who posed for Manet's *Olympia*, had a face and personality of her own. Another personality characterizes the nudes for which Renoir's Gabrielle posed: here was a simple, healthy, catlike creature, yet clearly recognizable. Pascin wanted neither the professional beauty nor the maid-servant type. To his studios, notably the one on Boulevard de Clichy which he kept during his final years, flocked fifteen-year-old girls who had come from the provinces in search of excitement and adventure, and would rather sit for Pascin—who treated them gently and paid them generously—than depend on the meager earnings to be made by waiting on tables or submitting to the necessity of prostitution.

One must resort to biography in an attempt to elucidate Pascin's concept of the nude. He had married Hermine David, only a year younger than himself and a recognized painter in her own right. But the marriage was far from successful and lasted only a few years. A psychoanalyst might endeavor to trace the artist's obsession to disappointment in early life with his mother and aunts, whose ugly obesity Pascin would recall in malicious drawings of corpulent Jewish mothers of New York, and equally fat Jewesses of North Africa. As a boy of sixteen Jules sought a mother-substitute in a woman twice his age, the madame of a brothel in his native Viddin. As a man of forty he was attracted to *fillettes* only slightly older than Nabokov's Lolita. The pedophilia which in the case of Nabokov's hero leads to crime, was perhaps in Pascin's case one of the factors contributing to his suicide, at the age of forty-five. His neurotic mode of living had aged him prematurely, and he seemed to have exhausted his range of possibilities as an artist. The universe, as represented by the indolent body of a teen-age tramp, had eventually palled for both the artist and the man.

IT HAS BEEN suggested that defiance of deeply ingrained sexual taboos, derived from the puritanic Jewish tradition, had caused artists of Jewish origin, such as Modigliani and Pascin, to approach the theme of the nude woman with uncertainty and uneasiness: "All the more does he [Pascin] long for the flesh, all the more does it become appetizing and apocalyptic to him; but all the more it is unmerited, unobtainable; and when he most possesses it, even wallows in it, Pascin is least sure that he has it."†

Without disputing the possible effect that the religious ban on nakedness, to say nothing of its representation, may have had on individual artists, we must note that a special treatment of the female nude, at once unflattering and fascinated, seems to have been one of the products of the last century, which witnessed the emancipation of woman. Schopenhauer, Strindberg and Otto Weininger, the flag-bearers of antifeminism, could not have appeared in an earlier period. In the art world of France, one can observe the curious phenomenon of man eagerly absorbed with woman while at the same time repudi-

ating her, or at least her emancipated sisters. Baudelaire and subsequently Gauguin confide to their journals their abhorrence of modern woman. "To love intelligent women is a pederast's pleasure," the poet declares, and the painter notes that he prefers "fat and vicious" women, and that he is annoyed by the intelligence of women: "It's too spiritual for me."

Pascin, who left us very little in writing, never expressed himself for the record on the subject of women, but his preference for certain motifs leads one to assume that he, like Baudelaire and Gauguin, combined love with hatred, fascination with dread. The mural *Lot Seduced by His Daughters* perished along with the Manhattan speakeasy for which it was painted, but New York's Museum of Modern Art owns a large oil, *Socrates and His Disciples Mocked by Courtesans*, in which once again an old man is victimized by plump nudes. In the etching *The Temptation of St. Anthony*, a Cupid aims his dart at the praying saint, and in several other etchings the Prodigal Son is seen tempted by women. In virtually all media he presented variations on the theme of the two Biblical women who brought sorrow to men who succumbed to their charms—Bathsheba and Salome.

THE PARALLEL between Pascin and Baudelaire is striking. The poet, vehemently attacked as an immoralist after the publication of his *Flowers of Evil*, was told by a critic that he was living in "a fantastic world peopled with unhealthy shadows." He was further warned that unless he began a normal life, raised a family and published books that he could read to his children, he would always remain a "schoolboy."

Though time has ruled against the critic and in favor of Baudelaire's work, there is a bit of undeniable truth in this charge of "arrested development." In *The Banquet Years* Roger Shattuck writes: "With Rimbaud a new personage emerges: the 'child-man,' the grown-up who has refrained from putting off childish things." But Baudelaire, born more than twenty years before Rimbaud, was already a prototype of this child-man who "lives according to a personal primitivism which cleaves to an early stage in his own development." If the term "primitivism" is not misunderstood as connoting simplicity, one might say that the last two Bohemians, Modigliani and Pascin, were also the last two "child-men," products of an era that had come to a close.

Baudelaire would have preferred, for the artists, the term "dandy" that he had applied to himself. Pascin in many respects fits the design for this dandy as drawn up by Baudelaire in an essay on the painter Constantin Guys. Unattractive yet impeccably dressed, elegant in appearance, Pascin also shared the dandy's melancholic contempt for the masses (as indicated by some of Pascin's dicta) and the dandy's attitude toward woman, that Being who—to quote Baudelaire—is "as terrible and incommunicable as God (but with this difference, that the Infinite does not communicate because it would blind and overwhelm the Finite, whereas the Being of whom we speak is perhaps incomprehensible only because she has nothing to communicate)."

As for Gauguin, Pascin's affinity with him is seen not so much in his manner of painting as in his mode of living. Both had wives, yet both felt that the conventional bonds of marriage were harmful to them and their art, and eventually they shed their fetters. Still, Gauguin had children and was devoted to them to the end of his days. Pascin might have made an excellent father—among his most successful paintings are those of the small daughters of close friends, for they are done with real affection. Both artists fled from urban civilization—Gauguin to Martinique and finally to the South Seas, Pascin to Cuba and to North Africa—and both were fascinated as artists and as men by the attractions of colored women. Both chose for

*Twenty-seven of his oil paintings will shortly go on view in New York in the Perls Galleries' exhibition of "Pascin—The Nude" (January 5-February 7).

†Herbert Howarth, "Jewish Art and the Fear of the Image" (*Commentary*, February, 1950).

Pascin and the Nude

their liaisons women less than half their age, child-women as primitive as they themselves were sophisticated and cultured. Both died under very miserable circumstances, and with no woman to tend them in their tragic last days.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC and Degas must of course be reckoned among Pascin's forerunners in the deglamorized portrayal of women. Lautrec lived in a *maison close* in order to be able, unobtrusively, to draw its inmates dressing, undressing, talking, or sleeping. Pascin, on the other hand, threw open his own home to any young girl in search of shelter and food. His young protégée would carelessly drowse in an armchair or relax on a sofa, undergarments disarrayed and knees spread, and the artist would quickly sketch her in her natural, unstudied pose. If they are not fast asleep, his little houseguests look bored and fatigued, as if experience had added years to their dreary lives.

Degas's women are curious animals whose nude bodies are seen leaping in or out of tin tubs, their faces usually averted. Pascin's sitters are, however, always in repose, and their faces are usually directed toward the observer. Nevertheless, the fast-moving nudes of Degas and the immobile figures of Pascin have in common the odd angle from which they are painted, and it is this peculiar perspective, with the concomitant foreshortening or abridgment, that produces a distortion sometimes bordering on ugliness. Asked why he made women look so ugly, the hardened bachelor Degas once retorted, "But women are ugly!" The promiscuous Pascin would never have said this either to himself or others, but biographical evidence as well as the even more convincing testimony offered by his work indicates a dread of woman not too different from that of the misogynist Degas.

The work of Pascin's artistic forebears, then, seems to give clear expression to the nineteenth-century antifeminist grudge. Newly emancipated woman had set up as an intellectual rival, had invaded the traditional preserve of the male, and the male artist took his revenge not only by insisting on woman's animality, but by stripping that animality of all beauty as well. Nor did such expressions of resentment cease with the turn of the century. Think of Picasso's *Demoiselles d'Avignon*, Rouault's prostitutes, or the women of De Kooning. This continuing phenomenon has led Jean-Louis Vaudoyer to complain, in his recent *The Female Nude*: "It is disturbing to find that almost all the 'nudes' painted during the last fifty years or so by artists who

would be considered to belong to the avant-garde are not only devoid of all grace but give the impression of varying degrees of physical debility and deformity. When confronted by these paintings it is impossible to avoid a feeling of sadness and compassion."

THIS "feeling of sadness and compassion" is aroused in us as well by the nudes of two modern painters who did not belong to the avant-garde, but who, with several other unclassifiables, were grouped together under the somewhat vague description of "Peintres Instinctifs." These, Modigliani and Pascin, approached the nude with trembling excitement. The stylistic differences—deep color and solid outlines in the uniformly elongated Modiglianis, thin color and wavering, blurred outlines in all but the few early Fauvesque nudes of Pascin—are familiar to every gallery-goer. Neither of the two looked at naked young women with the clinical detachment of a Toulouse-Lautrec. But Modigliani, under the influence of Tuscan "Primitives" and the newly discovered African Negro art, transformed them into tranquil arabesques.

Modigliani endowed the Little Milkmaid, Elvira and the others with a spirituality akin to his own. Seated or reclining, Modigliani's girls always present an unworldly charm and serenity, and the beholder's eye is inevitably drawn from the firm legs and perfectly rounded breasts to the haunting face. Some of his reclining nudes are fully exposed (and the depiction of pubic hair caused a French policeman to close the artist's only one-man show). But many of his nudes hold a modest, shielding hand in the classic gesture of all female nudes, from Praxiteles to Renoir.

Pascin's nudes do not seem at all troubled by their complete exposure. If they were to make any gesture, it would be to emphasize their genitalia—for it is there that Pascin's *Amor* aims, and not at the heart! But Pascin's models make no move in either direction. In all likelihood, they were neither more nor less moral than the women who posed for Manet. What had changed was society's attitude toward nudity. In a drawing room, Victorine Meurent and women like her would not risk revealing more than an ankle. But in the 1920's, in the characteristic unconcern of the Jazz Age, skirts were so short that a woman crossing her legs in a chair would reveal her knees and even her bare thighs. If one regards Pascin as a chronicler of his time, one can visualize his nudes as natural products of an age that, far from being shocked by nudity, actually emphasized sex in



Degas (c. 1894);
Femme au Bain.



Renoir, *Nu* (1892).



Modigliani,
Jeune Fille (1918).

Schiele, *Black Girl* (1911);
collection Allen Memorial
Museum, Oberlin, Ohio.





Pascin, *Deux Nus* (1925);
private collection, New York.

Pascin and the Nude

every manner and in every aspect of life. In both New York and Paris, the cities Pascin knew so well, the woman he met was the shingled, short-skirted, frivolous flapper for whom life meant wailing saxophones, liquor bottles and always-beckoning beds.

Like Van Dongen, he could have painted the *monde* or *demi-monde* of wealth. Van Dongen, who had shown real talent as a Fauve, became in the twenties an opportunist who catered to his clientele, bluntly giving away the secret of his social success: "I paint the women slimmer than they are, and their jewels fatter." The scandal about his portrait of a famous French actress (he had her pose in the nude, but keep on her necklace, bracelets and high-heeled shoes) is all that one remembers of his slick fashion-plate paintings.

PASCIN had no formula, and he got his sitters from among society's outcasts. They know all about venereal diseases and contraception, yet they do contract gonorrhea and do have unwanted children. His seated nude faces the observer without looking at him; her tired, lusterless eyes may even stare downward into nothingness. Her brief pink chemise reveals her breasts, arms, legs, even the crotch, and she may be wearing black slippers and stockings. Her arms are clasped about her knees, or behind her head (thrust at an angle forward, or backward), or her elbow may rest on the chair.

While he painted very quickly, thinning his color with much turpentine to allow the greatest swiftness of execution, he has hardly left us a mediocre work, one that is not clearly a "Pascin-Pascin." Often called cynical, he never permitted whatever cynicism he developed in his personal conflicts with the world

to interfere with his artistic vision. Perhaps the drain of nervous energy, expended in concentrated sessions after which he had to sit down, cold sweat pouring from his face, taxed his strength as much as did too many cigarettes and too much liquor.

As a painter he was always "involved." Hence, while the Van Dongens are often period pieces, the significant Pascins never are. They are too personal for that—testimonies of "descent into hell," weird afternoon journeys inspired by the presence of a silly little girl who had no notion that this amusing fellow who so feverishly belabored the canvas was actually plunging to the darkest center of the universe.

His dealers were scarcely more aware of what his canvases represented. Pascin must have realized that he was appreciated for the wrong reasons, that his work was being snapped up by the same type of people who forty years earlier would have bought Bouguereaus. Shortly before his suicide plan ripened he confessed to a friend, "I'm disgusted with myself." He added, sadly, "I sell my paintings by the number." In the language of Montparnasse this meant that he was so successful and so much in demand that dealers would purchase his canvases before they were painted, ordering by size.

IT WAS the issue of obscenity that falsified both his success and his reverses. Actually, to be obscene, a work of art must, according to accepted definitions, express or suggest "lustful ideas." The onlooker must, as John Dewey put it, feel that the artist had manipulated materials "to secure an effect decided upon in advance." But Pascin's nudes are as a rule far less suggestive of lust than the rounded forms in Renoir's paintings. They are nearer to Van Gogh's *Sorrow* (the drawing of the sickly prostitute Sien), to the tragic females conjured up by Edward Munch, and even to the morbid creatures of Egon Schiele.

At any rate, the exposure of genitalia and pubic hair in a painting may provoke revulsion. Frothy, luxurious underclothing has a piquant suggestiveness in Fragonard's gaily frivolous *Swing*, whereas in Pascin the crumpled, sleazy chemise implies nothing but slatternly poverty and fatigue. If in a Bouguereau painting part of the dress was made to slide off the shoulder, cleverly revealing a breast, this detail had been carefully "decided upon in advance" by the distinguished Beaux-Arts professor. Pascin's method, however, was more spontaneous and "innocent." He did not pose the model, nor did he expect her—since she had come to him without any notions of what art might be like—to strike any particular attitude.

While Pascin's nudes were quite salable on the Continent, they were unacceptable to the British and did not do well in America. In England, where D. H. Lawrence almost singlehandedly battled prudery, declaring "morbid hatred of sex" to be "the great disaster of our civilization," there is to this date, in 1959, only one Pascin in a public museum (an early nude, recently acquired by the Southampton Art Gallery). That country's only Pascin show, staged by London's Leger Gallery in 1937, was a failure; reviewing the show, *Apollo* complained that the late artist had wasted his substance "ignominiously," and that the living flesh he painted had "nothing of the healthy animal body glorified by Renoir."

AMERICA, too, has a long tradition of prudishness. Frances Trollope, writing her *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, reports that men and women were admitted only separately to the gallery of antique statues in the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Thomas Eakins was fired by the same Academy after having, in the course of a classroom demonstration, removed the loincloth from a male model. In 1920, Pascin's friend Emil Ganso



Pascin, *La Rousse* (1926);
courtesy Perls Galleries, New York.



Pascin, *Composition aux Nus* (1919); private collection, New York.

met with trouble for exhibiting his painting of a female nude.

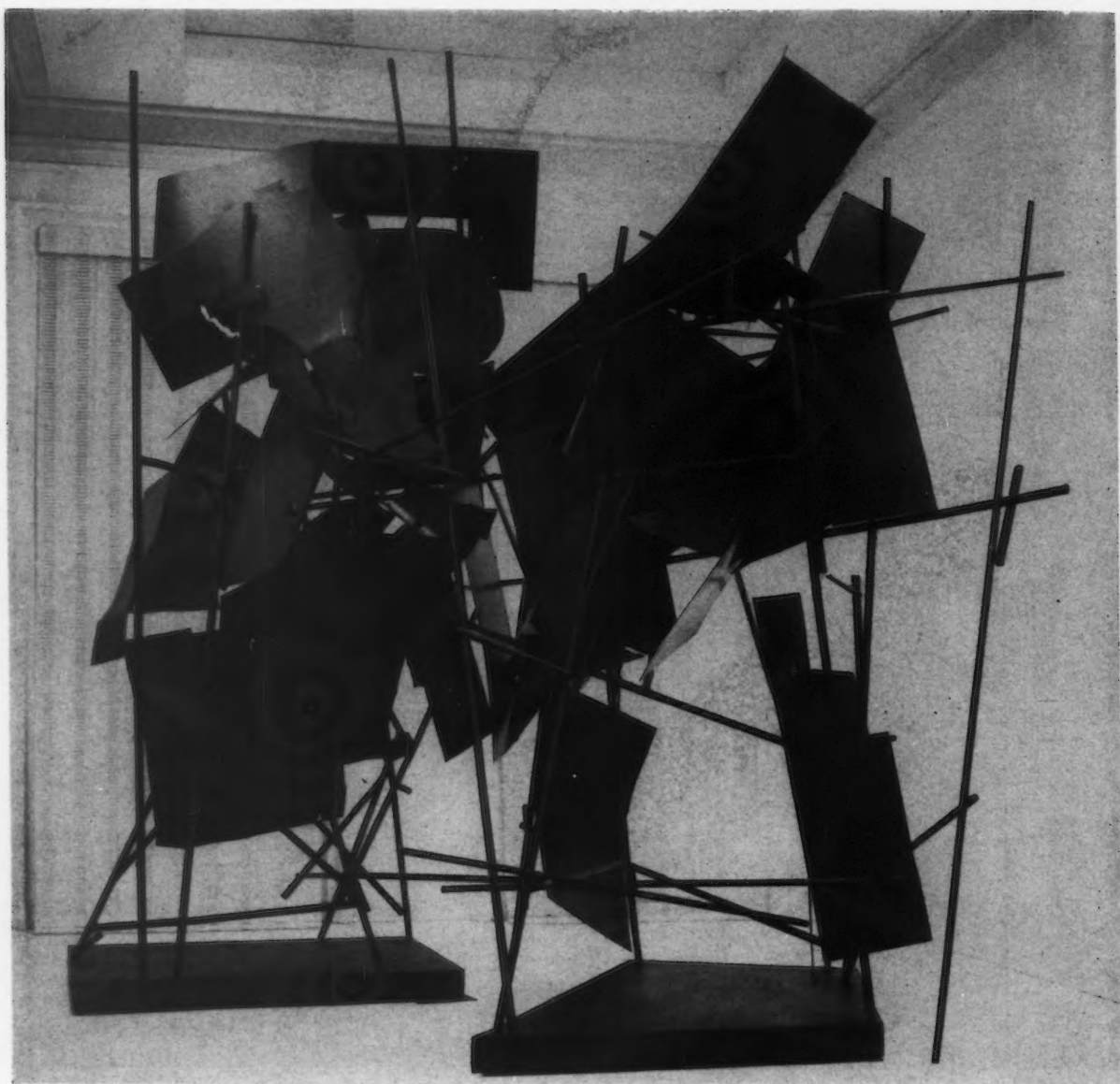
Pascin himself was, nevertheless, favored by such advanced collectors as John Quinn and Albert C. Barnes. But when he had his first one-man show in New York in 1915—following by two years his participation in the Armory Show—Martin Birnbaum, in a foreword to the catalogue, warned that Pascin had chosen “types which, while familiar to, are never mentioned by polite society.” Yet he ended up bravely: “Pascin’s subject matter is his own affair, and it may be argued that we ought to feel grateful to him for discovering so much beauty in ugliness.”

From his American debut at the Armory Show to his death seventeen years later, Pascin had many admirers among American artists, some of whom, like Brooks, Fiene, Ganso and Kuniyoshi, learned a great deal from him. American critics praised him, but often with moral reservations. The memorial show staged at the Downtown Gallery in 1931 brought this out quite clearly. One critic claimed to speak in the name of numerous art lovers who found Pascin “sex-obsessed beyond endurance.” The reviewer went on to say, “There was something often unduly vulgar about his figure painting which . . . one could not

help but trace back to the man.”

None of this moral indignation reappeared, however, when Pascins were shown again, this time in 1944 in the Kleemann Galleries, and together with a group of Modiglianis. When, in 1956, the Museum of Modern Art introduced the work of Balthus, it had to contend with delineations of adolescent girls in “perverse” positions compared to which the attitudes of Pascin’s models appear almost chaste.

But in mid-twentieth-century America there is little room for judging pictures from a moralistic viewpoint as was done by the Council of Trent, by Ruskin, Tolstoy, and, on a quite different level, by the late Anthony Comstock. Pascin’s oils stand or fall on the strength of purely aesthetic judgments, and today we see a steady increase in the number of those who admire his combination of firm drawing with a poetic *sfumato* paint, his unabashed realism that is always subjected to an unerring sense of design. It may very well be that sex is not the only mystery in the universe that is worth exploring, but it was part of Pascin’s wisdom to realize what his limitations were, and to confine his painterly search to the mystery that is “*un corps de femme*.”



Reuben Nakian, *The Rape of Lucrece* (1955-58) ; at the Stewart-Marean Gallery.

MONTH IN REVIEW

BY HILTON KRAMER

THE recent exhibition of sculpture and drawings by Reuben Nakian was an event surrounded by so much piety and rhetoric that there may be some advantage in assessing its curious character now that the public has had two months to absorb it. The exhibition opened on November 10 at the new Stewart-Marean Gallery, which was organized, it seems, exclusively for the Nakian show, and it remained on view until the end of December—an extraordinary length of time for a gallery exhibition. It was presided over by the former art dealer Charles Egan—the dealer who brought Kline, De Kooning and other notables to public

attention a decade ago—who came out of retirement, as it were, to arrange the exhibition. It has been hailed by Thomas B. Hess, both in a catalogue statement and in the glutinous prose of *Art News*, as an event of far-reaching importance. Its principal work, an iron construction entitled *The Rape of Lucrece* (1955-58), is said to be priced at six figures. All in all, the exhibition has been an unusual event, and not least because such an effort was made to impress us with the fact.

We are all naturally suspicious of an event so clearly designed to impress, but it should be said at once that, in this instance, the fuss is about something real. Now in his sixty-first year, Nakian is an interesting and unique figure, a prodigiously gifted man who has never really found himself as an artist. This exhibition establishes his full claim as a sculptor for the first time. To some extent, it closes the gap which formerly obtained between the promise of his great gifts and the fairly meager realizations by which those gifts were made known. For myself, I do not believe Nakian's achievement even now has quite the character

which has been assigned to it by his sponsors. It is compromised by history, and is finally limited by the peculiar quality of Nakian's own sensibility; but it is all the same an achievement of some magnitude.

Nakian is above all a rhetorician; he brings nothing new to the syntax of modern sculpture. Where figures like Gonzalez, Lipchitz, Smith, Moore, Gabo, Nevelson and others have extended sculpture conceptually and stylistically, Nakian invests the received means with a brilliant energy and vision—but in a way which absorbs and uses up the prevailing aesthetic without extending it. His sensibility is imperious and Miltonic, but it is not really inventive.

For inventiveness, for syntax, for the fecundating thematic and conceptual materials of his recent work, Nakian has had to look to others. This is clearly the case not only in *The Rape of Lucrece* but in the two earlier works in the exhibition—in the terra-cotta *Voyage to Crete* (1952) and in the bronze *La Chambre à Coucher de l'Empereur* (1954)—as well as in the numerous terra-cotta plaques and wash drawings which complete the recent ensemble of Nakian's oeuvre. The *Voyage to Crete* is presided over by the ghost of Gaston Lachaise; and *La Chambre à Coucher de l'Empereur* (which, incidentally, has lost some of its elegance and lyricism in the transformation from plaster to bronze) is a stunning baroque dismemberment of the reclining figures of Henry Moore. Moreover, in this succession of three ambitious works from 1952 to 1958, Nakian has personally recapitulated the conceptual development of modern sculpture from the monolithic mass to the open-form dialectic of masses and voids to the more radical aesthetic of drawing-in-space. In each case he arrives too late to invest the concept with new meaning; instead he brings to bear on it the sizable weight of his culture and the great gift of his eloquence. What unites Nakian's three major works of the fifties, despite their differing conception, is their common rhetoric—a baroque eloquence which aspires to grandeur but which is limited at every turn by the use of borrowed vocabularies.

Nakian has brought the full strength of this rhetoric to *The Rape of Lucrece*, his magnum opus, an iron construction twelve feet in height and thirteen in width. It is a majestic work, composed of pipe and cut sheet-metal forms all finished to a brilliant black which gives an incisive spatial definition to every one of its elements. Two abstract figures, each on its own pedestal, are joined in the interlocking traceries of form to become a single image: an image curiously calm for this theme, but with a complexity of detail which conveys some of the intensity of feeling one associates with this episode of mythic eroticism. In characteristic baroque terms, one is made to feel the weight of passion by means of the formal restraints which are exercised against its capacious demands. Nakian thus conforms to the baroque dialectic of passion and order: of emotion submitted to the ramifying elaborations of a very formal diction.

The Rape of Lucrece is conceived and carried out with a commanding confidence and vigor, and in view of this it may seem captious to note that it lacks originality both in its imagery and its method. For *The Rape of Lucrece* and the multitude of drawings and terra-cotta plaques bear witness to the spell which De Kooning's "Women" paintings of the early fifties have cast on Nakian's imagination. De Kooning has had many imitators, but surely none so distinguished as Nakian. The earlier adherence to Lachaise's voluptuous female imagery has given way to the more violent urgencies of De Kooning's. (In the succession of plaques, all of them on the reclining-figure theme and ranging from complete abstractions to quite literal representations, one sees this synthesis of Lachaise and De Kooning most explicitly.) As an imagist, I should say that Nakian bears the same relation to Lachaise and De Kooning that Gorky bears to Picasso and



Nakian, *Voyage to Crete* (1952).



Nakian, *Drawing* ("Reclining Figure" Series).



Nakian, *Terra-Cotta Plaque* ("Reclining Figure" Series).

MONTH IN REVIEW

Miró, and his art is rather like Gorky's in being fundamentally an inspired pastiche.

For his method in *The Rape of Lucrece*, Nakian has turned to the constructed steel sculpture of David Smith and his generation. Here again he arrives too late to invest the method with any new plastic meaning. He bends it to the purpose of his image and makes it yield a rhetorical weight it perhaps never had before—probably because it never wanted it—but his use of the method does not enlarge its sculptural functions. Like Smith, Nakian shows great power in transforming the image of a draftsman into a complex sculptural reality; the pipes and thin sheet-metal masses of *The Rape of Lucrece* have all the immediacy of line and wash in the hands of a graphic master. Yet, unlike Smith—and the reason why his achievement cannot be considered the equal of Smith's—Nakian lacks the fundamental impulse which effects the most direct equation between concept and style. He lacks that gift of aesthetic economy which conceives of style as the outcome of an idea rather than its *raison d'être*.

As a rhetorician, Nakian is forced to borrow his image, his method and finally his ideas from whatever is at hand, for rhetoric is above all the product of culture. I should say that the difference between Nakian's art and Smith's—to use Smith for the moment as symbol of a class of artists—is precisely the difference between rhetoric and syntax. The former brings a kind of grandeur, an exalted level of discourse, to the current scene, but it comes as a brilliant adornment rather than a fundamental transformation of the period style.

THE Allan Kaprow show at the Hansa Gallery (November 25-December 13) was a disappointment. Of course, it was a handicap to start with an idea so badly shopworn, but Kaprow is the kind of artist who likes having the odds against him. One read his solemn little essay in the catalogue, called "Notes on the Creation of a Total Art," and wondered how anyone could sustain such a humorless interest in these tattered clichés. For here it was again, that old war horse fairly dead on its feet: the synthesis-of-the-arts. There were the customary references to the Middle Ages and the ritual of the church, and then, predictably, the brisk jump to Wagner. I rather missed Des Esseintes and his symphony of odors, but an artist must be allowed his idiosyncrasies.

Let me describe, if I can, Kaprow's attempt to realize this antique notion: The ceiling of the main part of the gallery was appended with a continuous string net from which long stalks of dry straw hung to the floor. Included in this network of straw were thin electric cords bearing tiny lights which blinked at leisurely intervals. Occasionally one found nasty bits of old paint rag tied to the straw, I suppose as a kind of leitmotif. The lighting in this main section was gray to dim, in stark contrast to the narrow corridor by the windows which boasted such a glare of high-powered spotlights that I found it difficult to take in the details. I did catch a glimpse of what seemed to be a large collage of shattered mirror fragments, and I thought, How like an artist to risk his luck this way!

There was, of course, sound. (How can you have a synthesis-of-the-arts without sound?) I identified it mostly as sirens and doorbells, but there were no doubt other elements more readily grasped by ears better educated than my own. I found myself thinking of that old song about Angelina leaning on the bell, but I'm sure that was all wrong. Still, as Kaprow suggests, one brings one's experience to this creation.

Now this exhibition should not be regarded as a hoax, no matter what it sounds like. Kaprow is serious. Indeed, only out of an idea could something so completely pointless emerge. A natural and spontaneous gift for hoax would produce something

with more gaiety, verve and self-mockery. I'm afraid there is very little gaiety in these dry bones, but there is audacity. In particular, I thought it very audacious of Kaprow to risk the understatement of the year when he declared that "this theory of art has not emerged overnight."

RICHARD STANKIEWICZ is showing new work at the Stable Gallery (January 5-24). He continues to explore the idiom which he has now made his own—welded-metal sculpture based on discarded industrial parts and other *objets trouvés*—and out of which he has created a permanent, meaningful imagery which can claim both a robust wit and a subtle plastic tenacity.

Several interesting reactions have attended Stankiewicz's development, and I think it clarifies his work to consider them for a moment. My impression is that his work has met with two successive responses as it made its appearance, and that they are responses which still take place—and in the same order—among those who see this sculpture for the first time. The first is a reaction to the "junk" out of which the sculpture is made; at this stage one sees only the materials and its associations, and does not penetrate to the sculptural image. The second, assimilating the first, is a reaction to the wit, the often sardonic or playful humor, which characterizes the image. The second reaction is an extension of the first, for it embraces both the "junk" aspect and the artistic intention together in a single response, and yet it penetrates really no further than the delightful visual incongruities and *doubles-entendres* with which Stankiewicz always endows his work.

Now these responses do not go deep, but they are *not* misleading. They are the beginning of an understanding of Stankiewicz's work, and without them it cannot be understood at all. For one does not discard these responses as one grows more familiar with and more attentive to the details of this art; on the contrary, they re-enforce—and are themselves clarified by—a deeper involvement with the work. It is then perhaps that one notes the precision with which this "junk" is reconstructed without being exactly transformed. This precision is both an element of craft and a mark of sensibility, and it reminds us that the wit here is incisive and economic; it wastes little energy on flourishes or easy jokes. Yet, jokes abound and are not incompatible with the precision which makes itself felt over and above the wit and the "junk."

I take it as a mark of Stankiewicz's artistic success that one does not have to discard these first responses to his work as it continues to develop. Stankiewicz's sculpture is now a universe of discourse all its own. It has a distinct iconography as well as its own rigorous style. It has a wide repertory of forms, still developing, and a stimulating range of emotions. What might have seemed a mannerism—the continuing adherence to "junk" materials—became a kind of guarantee of seriousness in the face of the glittering costume-jewelry effects into which so much welded sculpture has now degenerated. (There is an interesting symbolic point here, too: I mean the fact that Stankiewicz has chosen to build his art directly out of the materials and emotions which our efficient and wasteful culture consigns to oblivion.)

The new work at the Stable Gallery does not represent a decisive step "forward" for Stankiewicz; it shows us his continuing development, and it places before us some first-class examples of his work. This may be unsensational, but I take a large pleasure in it. We are seeing here a serious artist consolidating and slowly expanding his accomplishments. Particularly in the recent open-space works like the *Reminiscence of Susie* and *Armillary*, I find his new work very strong.

Opposite: Richard Stankiewicz, *Armillary* (1958); at the Stable Gallery.

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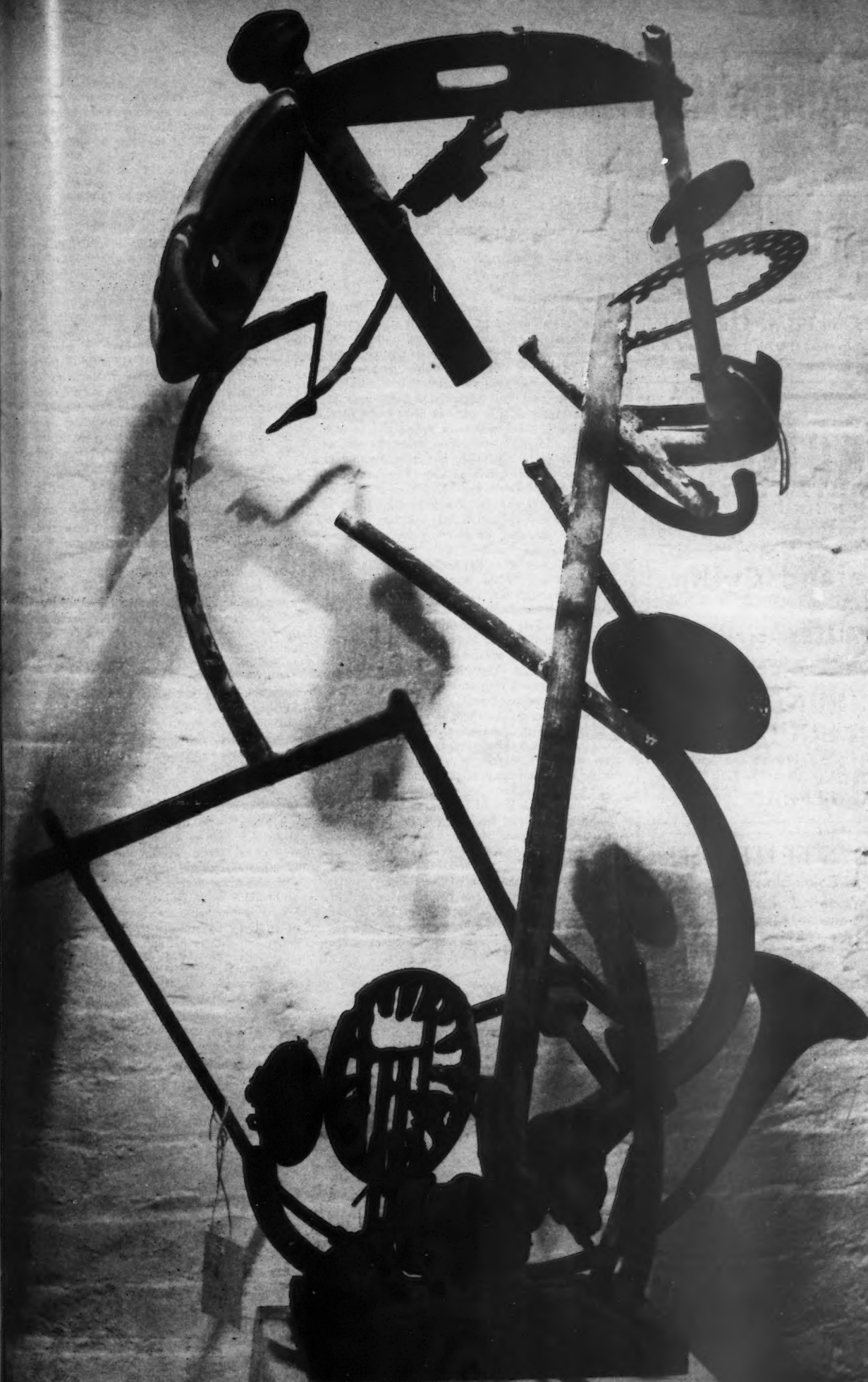
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Margaret Breuning:

Dali and anti-matter . . . Schuffenecker
in his own right . . . new works by
Burliuk . . . landscapes by Rosenberg
. . . Niemann's spontaneity . . . two phases
in Jules' painting . . .

SALVADOR DALI, in the foreword to his current exhibition of paintings and drawings, announces that he has abandoned his former Surrealist explorations of the subliminal and is now concerned with the exterior world into which the physicists have pried, producing anti-matter. It is with this anti-matter that Dali proposes to paint both angels and realities. For persons (like the writer) unfamiliar with pi-mesons or indeterminate neutrons, it is impossible to affirm either the success or failure of his ambition, but it is possible to state that he has produced some handsome and provocative paintings, with more than a trace of his Surrealist technique. An imposing canvas is overspread with a grayish veil; standing close to this large painting, an abstract design may be discerned; at a stance of more than two yards from it the likeness of Raphael's *Sistine Madonna* appears clearly. At a much greater stance of distance, a huge ear, about a yard and a half long, looms out—painted, it is asserted, with anti-matter. Two small paintings, *St. Theresa*, pierced by anti-matter, and *A Saint*, traversed in the foreground by a landscape, possess a fulminous beauty. *The Virgin of Guadalupe*, painted with brushing, not with anti-matter, is a majestic figure with acolytes kneeling in the folds of her magnificent robe. The *Pietà* is a somewhat troubling conception showing a rosy face peering down at the crucified Christ, whose outspread arms suggest the cross of agony, while an incredible foreshortening of the body brings enormous feet and legs into the foreground. Velásquez is presented in a flux of luminosity, painting his well-known *Infanta*; Millet's *Angelus* appears in unfamiliar brilliance of color. A group of drawings in pen and ink with occasional touches of wash is a dazzling performance. Not a single linear stroke of the pen is discernible, yet the black figures stand out on the white ground in palpable solidity, with lively gestures. The largest of these papers represents an equestrian tournament with galloping horses and excited cavaliers

urging them on. This is a magic like the anti-matter but a more appealing one. In all fairness, it must be stated that a number of the paintings had not arrived at the time of viewing, so cannot be appraised. (Carstairs, Dec. 6-Jan. 20.)

AN EXTENSIVE exhibition of paintings and drawings by Emile Schuffenecker presents the oeuvre of a French artist allied with the Impressionists, a recognized talent during his lifetime but little known at present. As a destitute orphan of twelve, he was already forced to support himself; he must have had "immortal longings," for in the evenings he studied painting and drawing. Serious art training came later in Paris under well-known artists. Chancing to meet Gauguin, he immediately formed a close friendship; it is even alleged that he gave Gauguin instruction in painting. They finally left Paris to paint together in Brittany. Schuffenecker was a prolific painter, never entirely abandoning his traditional technical training, but he became enough of an accomplished Impressionist to be accepted in the fold. The early canvases shown here are representative, following the classic canons of sound organization and careful definition of form. Yet they are more than a mere description: in *Neige*, for example, showing a lonely house engulfed in snowbanks, there is not only an atmosphere of remoteness and isolation, but of assertion against the forces of nature. In *Le Vieux Paris* the artist achieves a vivid evocation of a curious old quarter of the city, but its physical aspects, cogently set forth, are not more apparent than its inner life of shabby poverty. Turning to pastels, he escaped from literal representation in the mingling of light and color pattern in rich-textured *matière*. Yet he retained in them veracity of contours, whether in landscape or figure pieces. The charcoal drawings are a chapter in themselves, for he had long been a finished draftsman. Portraiture in all his media is outstanding—a sensitive perception of personality as well as a skillful rendering of physical likeness, carried out with surety of fluent line. (Hirschl and Adler, Nov. 18-Dec. 13.)

DAVID BURLIUK's exhibition of paintings sweeps one along in its dynamic emotional expression, as striking here as when this artist first appeared in our art world wearing his Cossack earring. Whether he paints a tribute to his association with the Blaue Reiter in formalized, flat planes of brilliant color or presents Chekhov's *Three Sisters* in the neurotic atmosphere of their frustrated lives, he appears to find a palette and a design apposite to his subjects. The most engag-



Edmund E. Niemann, *Sunburst* (1958);
at Eggleston Galleries.

Salvador Dali, *Virgin of Guadalupe, Patron
Saint of Mexico*; at Carstairs Gallery.



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ing canvases of his large showing are the flower pieces—never still lifes, for they are vibrant, like all his work, with an inner vitality. They are all placed effectively in relevance to their spatial setting, in opulence of textures, and often reaching heroic proportions with discriminating realization of their varied characteristics of form and fluorescence. But *Grapes near My Window* might almost be considered a still life, a cluster of crystalline globes of luscious substance hanging over a window pane in a leafy setting. One of the outstanding memory paintings of Russian life, *Picnic on the Shore*, shows colorful figures skillfully woven into broken rhythms in a setting of blue sky and bluer sea. (ACA, Dec. 1-13.)

NUMEROUS exhibitions of paintings by James N. Rosenberg have been held in recent years, but none so large and representative as the present, which emphasizes his ability to seize upon the salients of a landscape and draw them into a coherent design. The landscapes are mainly of the Adirondacks, showing precipitate slopes of outcropping rock alternating with the splendor of autumn foliage or the lushness of summer greens. Some of the canvases accentuate the ponderous mass of a mountain by heavy impasto, while others mold with a caressing brush the heavy forms and their fringing growths. Even the delicate pastels present vividly the lapping of earth folds sheltering little valleys below. Rosenberg is particularly sensitive to seasonal aspects of landscape—the glowing wealth of *October Gold*, the serenity of subdued color in *September Afternoon*, the promise of spring in the *Lyrical Landscape*, its bare boles faintly touched with leaf buds. A large and impressive painting, *Cloud-burst*, loaned by the Metropolitan Museum, shows a veritable cataclysm of huge rain drops pouring down a mountainside under a turbulent sky, while a swollen stream of whitened water rushes madly beside it. (Jewish Museum, Dec. 18-Jan. 15.)

AS SPONTANEITY felt in Edmund Niemann's paintings does not consist of a hasty jotting down of a sudden inspiration in sprawling designs, for this artist has carefully evolved an artistic language adapted to interpret visual experiences and their subjective reaction. With crisp brushing, purity of high color in effectively juxtaposed sharp-angled planes, he sets down his images with clarity in an imaginative recasting of the world about him. *Regatta* shows a line of many-hued sails in vivacious adjustment on a diagonal across a long horizontal canvas. *Sunburst* is an explosion of brilliant light rays expanding like a flower through the canvas and reaching up to the flushed sky. A deviation from such light and color is *Three Trees*, the widely spaced bare trunks thrusting against layers of rough-surfaced rocks of varied notes of gray and black. (Eggleston, Jan. 5-24.)

MERVIN JULES' paintings display two differing aspects of technical expression. In one, forms are defined sharply in gray or black notes in conciseness of statement, as the dark contours of the fishers on a high, skeletal platform, or the clam diggers bending over their work on a flat, muddy terrain by a troubled sea. Another phase is the romantic conception of *Songs of the Sea*, in which a girl's head, of exaggerated proportions, rises above a flux of waves reflecting the flushed sky. *Dunes* is a welter of pinks and blues, while the vast level expanse of sands is cut by brilliant tongues of blue water in *Flats*. There are a number of musical themes, of which the most successful is *Summer Concert*, its group of gayly colored figures rhythmically resolved into a rich color chord. (ACA, Dec. 15-Jan. 3.)

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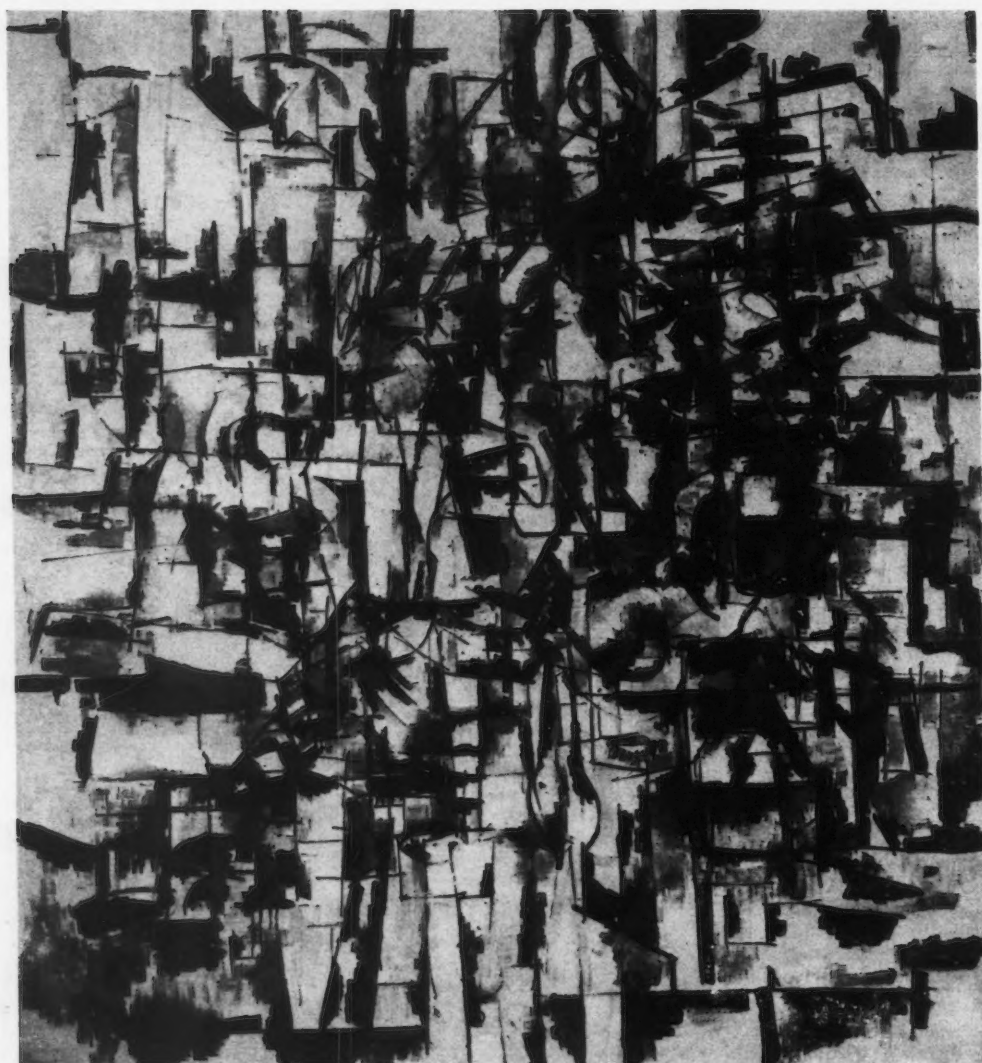
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Robert Goodnough, *The Frontiersman*; at Tibor de Nagy Gallery.

IN THE GALLERIES

Léger—Two Decades: Two decades of Léger's painting, early and late, are juxtaposed to point out the differences in what one too often tends to think of as a homogeneous body of work. The examples on exhibit, chiefly drawings, gouaches and small oils, from the periods 1917-27 and 1943-53, illustrate the essential changes which took place over a number of years, but which were catalyzed by his wartime sojourn in the United States. In a film made of Léger in New York, he is shown observing new sights in a new ambience, and these in turn are shown emerging on his canvases; it is partially true at least that his work takes on a new warmth and vigor as it resumes a more direct relationship with the natural world, and that the impact of America did in a sense revitalize his appreciation of the life around him, following the often bleak and cold paintings of the 1930's. The last decade of his career was a great one for Léger, matching the achievements of that earlier period, also encompassed here, which produced the "machine age"

paintings, the contribution which is now best remembered. There are many minor works of interest in the exhibition, such as the small early drawing of wrestlers, the 1919 machine abstraction, and numerous studies and variations on themes which appear in his larger paintings. One of the outstanding inclusions is *Circus Figures* (1953), which demonstrates the synthetic manner he utilized to restore "realism" to art or, conversely, art to realism. These large, late, optimistic figure paintings always seem most appropriate to the decoration of public buildings in Utopian states—which may explain the existence of the group of devoted imitators who saw in Léger the true art of the future; however, only Léger himself could make the synthesis work. (Saidenberg, Dec. 29-Jan. 31.)—M.S.

Robert Goodnough: At a time when the size of a painting so often compensates for a paucity of ideas, Goodnough is one of the few American painters who can create scale concomitant with

his ideas. Having drunk deeply at the well of Cubism, he exploits a vigorous, even militant plastic intuition, and this, his sixth show, reveals no decrease in that power. The basic theme here is the figure, which he adapts to a geometric outline or arrives at through primary divisions set down schematically as a way of getting into the picture. His color—patches fitted loosely into the outlines or pieced casually together—elaborates a continuing exegesis of surface. In the process he casts respectable reflections of Cézanne and Mondrian from whom, in a manner of speaking, he "quotes" as might a scholar from the best authorities on his subject. This perhaps explains the incomplete rather than unfinished look of his work. His art is in the search, and inevitably he must propose more problems than he can solve. This is particularly true of the most substantial work here, *The Frontiersman*. A year in the making, it is a synoptic version of Analytic Cubism. But it releases the lyricism that theory seeks in the form of perfection, even if it fails

to offer respite to the artist and the observer. (Tibor de Nagy, Jan. 6-31.)—S.T.

Ferber, Hare, Lassaw: Intended to coincide with the publication of a book about the sculptors by the Musée de Poche, the present exhibition includes three representative works by each of the artists. Ferber's *Once Again* is a striking, almost narrative piece, with its wandering, ribbon-like shape that blossoms into a flower or podlike form and then continues into other adventures, turning back upon itself. Lassaw's *Galactic Cluster No. 1* is a sturdy, thickened version of one of his familiar styles with its glistening, noded divisioning of space. Hare's *Leda* is a particularly impressive work with its over-all woven appearance as of some hollow basketwork, its wonderful ambiguity in the forms of the swan and Leda herself, the two tangled inextricably, each becoming an extension of the other. (Kootz, Nov. 29-Dec. 20.)—J.R.M.

Piero di Cosimo: Nothing more suited to the Christmas season could be imagined than this deeply devout rendering of the Nativity painted by the fifteenth-century Italian master Piero di Cosimo, whose true stature has only been recognized in recent years. Painted in the form of a tondo, it shows the Holy Family in the center, with a small scene of the Flight into Egypt in the left background, and on the right, also reduced in size, two shepherds representing the Adoration. The work is perfectly preserved, showing all the beauty of the artist's draftsmanship and color. During an age when too much is being painted too rapidly, and the eye is exhausted by too many large works being exhibited at one time, a show which concentrates on a single masterpiece is a welcome change. (Duveen, Dec. 15-Jan. 15.)—H.M.

Abraham Walkowitz: Now in his eightieth year, Abraham Walkowitz, a pioneer of the modern movement in America, lives quietly in Brooklyn, prevented by failing eyesight from being the familiar figure in New York galleries he once was. He has not painted for some twenty years, but the body of work dating from the early 1900's to the late 1930's offers at various times some of the most visionary, most poignant and most baffling moments in twentieth-century American paintings. His hundreds of drawings of New York transcend, in their portrayal of Manhattan's cumulative motion and density, most of the city paintings done before or since; his ink and watercolor drawings of Isadora Duncan, numbering in the thousands, with their fluid rendering of classical simplicity and pagan freedom, are sufficient in themselves to ensure his glory; and some of his earlier paintings, with the daring which seems always lucid rather than fumbling and their warmth of motivation which is never solely aesthetic, are a part of the history of American art. Yet he was capable also of incredibly banal and naively awkward painting in some lesser and later works, as a few of the items which have remained in the artist's hands demonstrate.

The major portion of the exhibition and the major paintings in it are on loan from museums and private collections; there are also about a dozen oils, water colors and drawings which are still the property of the artist, including a murky coastal scene from the late nineteenth century and another early work, *Lower East Side Market*, which precedes his many studies of people on the Lower East Side. *Forty-second Street*, a magnificent water color from 1910 which is almost totally dissolved in light and motion, represents one facet of Walkowitz at his very best, while *Rest Day* (1908), a serene and sunny oil, represents another aspect of his peak achievement in a rapid assimilation of both Impressionist light and Fauve color, marked with his own directness of vision and independent structuring. Walkowitz never became a theoretician, nor was he torn by the conflict between European artistic tradition

and raw American vitality; his advantage was the self-reliance of his art. "To find an equivalent for whatever is my relation to a thing" was his simple and yet far-reaching aim. (Zabriskie, Jan. 3-24.)—M.S.

Bernard Meadows: In his first one-man showing outside England, Meadows presents a group of sculptures that are both powerful in their imagery—the shapes abstracted from natural forms, generally from birds and crabs—and impressive in the consistent vigor of their manner. These works have about them a persistent strangeness; while maintaining a tenuous contact with the given image—as in *Large Flat Bird*, its neck thrusting up from the thin plane of the wingspread, or in *Big Flapping Bird*—the forms are pushed to extremes, not for the sake of creating allusions to other images (as, say, Armitage's slender walking figures often take on the appearance of tall wading birds), but apparently for the sake of that extremity itself. It creates the sense of physical exertion which complements the stance of the figure itself. It is not, however, only the sense of strenuous effort that Meadows is able to convey; there is the slow, sidling movement of his smaller sculpture *The Crab*, and one can speak of the broken, inert, almost discarded shape of his *Fallen Bird*. (Rosenberg, Jan. 12-Feb. 7.)—J.R.M.

Gandy Brodie: In the egocentric climate of modernism, talent may seem slightly irrelevant (as the Dadaists claimed it was) and a purer transcription of necessity completely desirable; but Brodie is trying to have it both ways. As it is manifest in his attempt to be simultaneously both exquisite and passionate, the issue of talent is also an evaluation of necessity. Harmony, at any rate, is achieved only through something larger than both, and for Brodie this turns out to be Art (as History) itself. The results are canvases very full with a sense of their own importance. The figure paintings are particularly questionable (*Self-Portrait*, *The Old Man*, *Young Musicians*). Drawn on the scale of passion, they show a discomfiture with their own innocence. Brodie, for instance, has trouble with arms which neither turn as forms nor move in their primitive pattern. But in the main these paintings fail because the necessity associated with modern art has been imposed upon a pattern that talent, however innocent, should first resolve. As a self-taught artist his loss of naïveté to sophistication has been catastrophic. As for his landscapes and still lifes, they are more satisfying in their truth to necessity but now attempt to dignify that necessity through taste. This shows itself in a concern for style and métier, both largely absent in the figure paintings. He can work Ryder and Monet into *Boat in the Sun* only by working in a single bluish Impressionist key with an abandon that is largely applied. Or he will tilt the top of a table to meet the picture plane and wash a characteristic milky white over the entire negative area. Finally, an enormous *City Anguish*, crisscrossed with haphazard ligaments of black, never gets past its dandiacal concern with appearance, underlining the impression that the artist can experience the shock of recognition but cannot bear it for long. (Durlacher, Dec. 29-Jan. 24.)—S.T.

Maxwell Gordon: It is the primitive's belief that he is practicing a scrupulous realism that accounts for the charm of his inventions. At the same time he is able to let his fancy run wild. While Gordon is too much the humanist to be the ordinary primitive, he is nonetheless faithful to his fantasies. Unlike Rousseau he works at a vision rather than a style. As a humanist he tends to be slightly didactic, but when he works directly with the fantastic (although he is capable of rather passable realism), he is able to transcend nostalgia. His pixies, angels, animals and people exhibit the tension of a dream life existing not



Piero di Cosimo, *Nativity*; at Duveen Gallery.



Abraham Walkowitz, *Sunday Afternoon*; at Zabriskie Gallery.

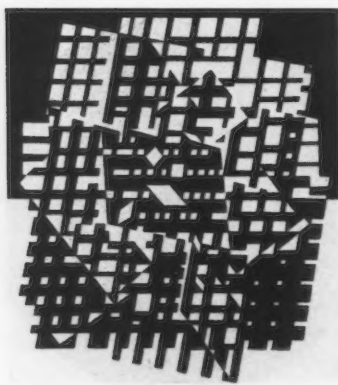


Bernard Meadows, *Big Flapping Bird*; at Rosenberg Gallery.



Gandy Brodie, *The Transported Teapot*; at Durlacher Gallery.

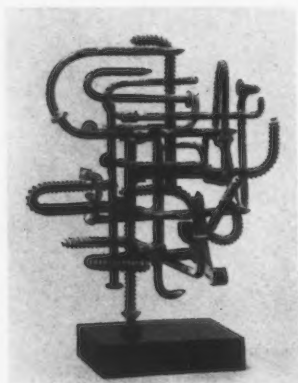
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Victor Vasarely, *Ixion*;
at Rose Fried Gallery.



Wolf Kahn, *Olive Grove*;
at Borgenicht Gallery.



Joseph Konzal, *Secrets of the City*;
at Riverside Museum.



Nassos Daphnis, No. 26-58;
at Castelli Gallery.

in spite of reality, but as a psychological transformation of it. His people act the way they do—they put on their grotesque faces, wear fantastic costumes, and finally they laugh—because somehow the absurdity of the life which distorts them is inseparable from their awareness of life as the magic of their existence. There are better paintings here than *Vigil*, whose single female figure in a lonely landscape regards a number of strange, highly colored balls; but she is the prototype of the sense of waiting and expectation with which Gordon approximates an ultimate concern. And he is modest enough not to pretend he knows where help for man shall finally come from. (A.C.A., Jan. 5-24.)—S.T.

Victor Vasarely: This Hungarian-born artist, now fifty, is not entirely unknown here since single examples of his work have been shown from time to time and reproductions have appeared in reviews like *Quadrum*. This, however, is his first one-man show in America. The work here consists of varied examples dating from 1947. They move resolutely from the biomorphic *Goulphar* of that year, with its affinity to an Arp wood relief, to brilliant geometric design. A number of the canvases are dated over a period of time, as much as six years in some cases, indicating the effort that has gone into them. His indebtedness to Mondrian is apparent in late works like *Ixion* and *Centra* with their dividing black grids. Upon these he has imposed positive and negative variations which float through the pattern but are held to the design by the underlying but revealed structure. Strictly speaking, he is not a geometric painter in the Neo-Plastic sense. Rather, he is a clear-minded concern with optical ambiguity which can accommodate sure-footed works of great complexity. It is, however, a complexity of motif rather than spatial variation, conceptual rather than perceptual. It is the eye that puts a limit to possibility and permutation, and not a feeling that his conceptual model has merged with an intuition of its resolution. (Rose Fried, Jan. 6-Feb. 7.)—S.T.

Wolf Kahn: The present showing of Kahn's oils represents, one takes it, one of those fortunate periods in an artist's career when he is thoroughly in control of his means and is capable of using them not with the repetitiveness of a successful formula, but with an obvious freedom and spontaneity. In these brilliant landscapes of Venice and the Umbrian hills, the mastery of the color and rhythm, the success of the painting itself are striking. Kahn manages to insist upon the abstract act of the painting without surrendering its representational elements. He does this largely, one thinks, through the structural device which seems to apply, with variations, in most of the works on view—*The Olive Grove*, *Two Hills*, *Giudecca Canal*, *Venice in Autumn*, for example—by presenting a broad, rather vacant foreground against which he plays off, in the upper reaches of the painting, a flurry of suggestive detail. Thus, trapping the eye in a broad field of color—an expanse of water or wild, rampant grasses—he leads it gently and imperceptibly to the darkening cluster of leaves in a copse of trees, the whites and flashing yellows that suggest the façades of buildings and glinting domes. It is not a device of mere cleverness, and he handles it unobtrusively, always keeping the eye upon the manipulation of the paint itself, the feathery, wind-ruffled strokes, the cloudy modulations of color. (Borgenicht, Jan. 6-24.)—J.R.M.

New Sculpture Group: The variety and range of contemporary American sculpture are clearly represented in this broad exhibition, including among its outstanding works Herbert Kallem's elegant garden, *Grass Forms*, four rising foliate and fringed-leaf sculptures in brass; Anne Arnold's squat little *Dog* in wood, its tail the handle of some musical instrument, its four legs seeming-

ly adapted from a chair; Joseph Konzal's four precisely structured "Essays in Nails"; and Trajan's sensitively modeled and colored *Head of Golden West*. There are, as well, notable works in equally independent styles by William King, George Sugarman, Sidney Geist, Lily Ente and Richard Stankiewicz. (Riverside Museum, Nov. 30-Dec. 21.)—J.R.M.

Nassos Daphnis: The genesis of modern art had come into being and gone long before the "individuality" of Daphnis' Mondrianesque squares with their "hundred equal planes" entered the market place. The boxes of space and rivers of time have been turned into a lost relativity, the vibrations of fractions have become more important than self-knowledge. Not even the agonizing plan of his colors or the absolute precision of his rollers can recapture its creation or assuage his ephemerality. (Castelli, Jan. 6-24.)—B.D.H.

Dorothy Block: Although much of this work has a gentle charm and softness about it, a sense of things enjoyed and remembered, it has, as well, a strength that saves each scene—an interior view, a sunset, an ocean vista—from turning into the vague or pleasant effusion that similar painting often becomes in less-experienced hands. Her strength shows in the persistent and knowledgeable awkwardness in the drawing of a figure or an object (a trait reminiscent of Bonnard) and in her skill as a colorist; in *The Blue Sea*, for example, the rich purplish-blue expanse of the ocean is offset by scudding clouds of reddish brown and a somewhat vague figure of a bather in earthy tints. There is an art involved in knowing that a lush purple has to be balanced by a factual brown—rather like Shakespeare's knowing that the high-flown lyric passion of the balcony scene needed the perspective of Mercutio's bawdy appraisal. Among the best of her works is *Seated Nude*, with its soft, iridescent walls that edge into sharpness, its intense tropical view beyond the door. Generally the exhibition is one of small, intimate works that pass by brilliant immediacy for a charm that grows from continued viewing. (Roko, Dec. 15-Jan. 7.)—J.R.M.

Peter Takal: Takal's medium is drawing and his preferred implement a pen which spins out ink lines as fine as the most tenuous cobweb strand, sometimes barely grazing the paper, but leaving all the same the indelible trail of its deliberate path. His lines, alternately sharp and faint, massed or sparse, concentrate on some close-at-hand detail of foliage or grasses, and perhaps also on a distant one, a hilltop hedgerow, and arch swiftly across the intervening space, briefly indicating its topography. Trees, particularly in their winter bareness, are a recurring theme, treated as if they were figures, dancing and gesturing. A number of the recent drawings, made in Mexico, present old walls and deserted ruins, but the essence of each one is to be found in some small particle, such as the blade of grass growing from a crack in the stone, rather than in the encompassing outline. (Graham, Jan. 20-Feb. 7.)—M.S.

Matisse Sculptures: Of the various important modern painters who have also produced sculptures, Matisse is probably the one who would have had a great reputation based on his sculptures alone, and it is therefore rewarding to have a group of them brought together. Coming from various private collections as well as the Baltimore Museum, they represent a good cross-section of this work which, especially between 1900 and 1915, was very important to Matisse. The earliest sculptures, such as *The Slave*, recall the work of Rodin, but in the nudes created during his Fauve period, like the *Decorative Figure* of 1906 and the *Reclining Nude* of 1907, Matisse shows his great originality. Heavy, almost massive forms, simple-

fied to the point of distortion and yet still clearly recognizable, and an emphasis on planes with a knee jutting out and an arm flung back, give even the smallest a compelling power. (Fine Arts Associates, Nov. 25-Dec. 20.)—H.M.

Rose Alber: Working carefully at landscapes which only rarely show the signs of effort, Miss Alber is able to make a picture out of what in a less accomplished artist leads to a striving after effects. Her theme is not landscape in its elementality, but one aspect of it, the way light acts on a scene almost magically—though she is faithful to time and place. Simultaneously, she clearly exploits the formal possibilities of her theme, and occasionally this does border on a device. As a subject itself, she can make it quite tangible, as in *The Mist*, hovering in blue and gray. The substantiality demanded in broad daylight offers no problem either, as in *Willow Tree and Trees on a Hill* where the patterns of her composition are not so obviously determined by the manner of illumination. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, Nov. 8-29.)—S.T.

Masterpieces of American Folk Art: The artistic heritage of a simpler, more unsophisticated nineteenth-century America continues to give delight as this new exhibition of American primitives clearly shows. Whether it is a wood carving of Justice intended for a pilot's house or a Pennsylvania Dutch birth certificate lavishly decked with hearts, angels and flowers, these works have something appealing both as objects and as works of art in spite of the fact that they were made by anonymous craftsmen who certainly did not think of themselves as artists. But the paintings and drawings are not uniform in quality; some of them, like *Napoleon on His Steed*, or the portrait of the Carrington family, are genuinely naïve, while others seem little more than the work of amateurs. (Downtown, Jan. 6-31.)—H.M.

Ludwig Bemelmans: Bemelmans paints Paris as only Bemelmans can—in a racy, glibly descriptive, anecdotal fashion which says with every stroke that this is a man of the world and Paris is the world. His paintings have an unstationary quality that is due to his own multiperspective system and his facile brush-drawn line, which makes it seem as if one were taking a walk through a scene rather than viewing it from any given point of vantage. How pleasant it is to be able to take these walks, round the back of Notre Dame, through the Tuileries, along the Champ de Mars, to contemplate life on a river barge and make excursions into the countryside and to have such an habitude for one's guide. However, it must be admitted that what is to his advantage as a raconteur is sorrowfully to his disadvantage as a fine artist, that his keen and vivacious description is more enjoyable on its own than amid the turgid colors of his structureless paintings, and that his verve in illustration becomes mere sloppiness on canvas. This is rank ingratitude from a devotee of Madeline, but candid nonetheless. (Hammer, Dec. 1-31.)—M.S.

Bernard Chaet: Spun-out strands and lozenges of color swirl about these large canvases with compelling swiftness, drawn toward an invisible vortex, or kept in motion by their own momentum, as they open up visions of a radiant night sky or lead the eye into a deep woodland darkness. *The Falls* seems especially successful because here the fast and furious motion is directly connected to the image, a sharp cascade of white, glinting with jewel tone, which fans out in foam in the lower portion of the canvas and spills over rocks as its reflecting lights change to green. The big paintings demand distance and do not invite the close examination which the smaller paintings attract through their more subtle shapes and coloring, especially *Dark Still Life*, with its cluster of

iridescent colors amid brown tonalities which dimly echo some of the brighter tones and forms. Two versions of *Pastorale*, both light, spacious paintings of Holsteins in yellow and green fields, offer a tranquil contrast to the unleashed forces of the dynamic large paintings, and also provide a link with an earlier, comparatively quiet abstraction, *In Gray*. (Stable, Jan. 12-31.)—M.S.

Sam Francis: *Après Pollock et Rothko, le déluge!* And one of the biggest, at least most publicized waves continues to carry Francis before it. It is to his dubious credit that he has been able to capitalize on its momentum, but at the same time he has fallen prey to contradiction. In his earlier work, Francis painted over-all with an ascending-descending cellular web of transparencies, specific at least with color's emotional precipitates, substantial in their aqueous electricality. Now, somewhat in the Japanese manner, he arranges dripping, hypotensive masses to dramatize large unpainted areas. But, unlike the Japanese, they do not invite contemplation because they derive from the dematerialization of the "action" or Tachist style rather than a selection of essential detail. The forms call attention only to themselves rather than some ultimate spatiality with its implications of an experience before and after the fact. They demand to be witnessed and so their ultimate exhibitionism is clear. One painting cannot be much different from the other when the most important thing is to be seen. (Martha Jackson, Nov. 25-Dec. 20.)—S.T.

Jack Tworikov: The work in this exhibition is divided into three sections, small pencil drawings of the figure, larger charcoal studies of the seated nude and dark drawings in massed lines through which a figure perhaps or a shadow may be seen. These are master drawings in that they indicate a commanding hand and authoritative eye and the ability to express within the drawing framework certain qualities which are also the concern of contemporary painting—motion, and its corollary, time, the light which absorbs as well as defines, and the haunting ambiguities which stipulate that no man can be a whole, self-sufficient unit, but must be dissected, traversed, partially grasped or fractured. Tworikov's line is so exact, and he himself as an artist is so exacting, that there is never any question of the fortuitous in these drawings; they are fully calculated, full of knowledge, and they fix on paper the fleeting moment of observation and illumination with the immediacy which is drawing's particular property. (Stable, Dec. 8-Jan. 3.)—M.S.

Peter Heinemann: A gift for graceful and facile drawing is not disguised by the often ungainly objects and stark arrangements of Heinemann's still lifes, and it flows forth almost too glibly in the elegant ease of his figure paintings. His sense of design, too, is so pronounced that it threatens to leave his canvases decoratively empty, and he has a knack for placing objects in space without any indication of setting, so that they are arrayed in a formal pattern, even when the subject is a casually cluttered table. Most complex and interesting is his newest painting, *Between Bouquets*, a seated figure, half-turned, flanked by two diagonally opposite tables, both holding flowers and scattered objects, the whole a tapestry of color and detail. This last canvas suggests some of the expressive possibilities in which his talents might find a more significant flowering, for, the more ambitious the project, the more impeded is his facility—and the more thoughtful the work. (Roko, Jan. 12-Feb. 4.)—M.S.

Three-Man Show: All these artists are women who in their own ways affirm modernism with its characteristic vitality of gesture and surface rather than sex. Anneli Arms, the most derivative, extracts from her utter dependency on Abstract



Bernard Chaet, *The Grove*; at Stable Gallery.



Sam Francis, *Towards Disappearance*; at Martha Jackson Gallery.



Jack Tworikov, *Drawing*; at Stable Gallery.



Peter Heinemann, *Between Bouquets*; at Roko Gallery.

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Expression only the implied evidence of her own sensibility. Beatrice Ericson paints oils in measured cubes of green and red that go no deeper than the eye, but her black and white caseins are like abstract pictographs. Nadia Temerson is the most studious and personal, imposing a Turner-esque viewpoint on a gelid Manhattan, although too much emphasis on her technique of rough patches of misty light detracts from the potential emotional weight of her work. (Avant-Garde, Jan. 6-31.)—S.T.

Marsden Hartley: Following an exhibition of Hartley's painting, this showing brings together a number of his drawings and a selection of his lithographs. The drawings present a fairly representative selection of his styles, including two striking pencil drawings of boulders and trees, done under the influence of Cézanne, with a masterly assurance and delicacy. There are, as well, several early sketches of the figure (*Man Chopping Wood*) in the hatched-stroke technique that characterized his earliest paintings, a style that was presumably derived from reproductions Hartley had seen of a Neo-Impressionist painter named Sergantini. The lithographs from 1923 are all still lifes—flowers in a goblet, pears, grapes—which have an obvious, straightforward decorative effect, but the drawing is so blunt and thick that they give credence to Elizabeth McCausland's suggestion that Hartley made the drawings purposely coarse so that the lithographer who transferred them to the stone could not lose the outline. (Babcock, Jan. 5-24.)—J.R.M.

John Thomas: The inconclusiveness of this first one-man show can be put down to artistic ambitions which outdistance the artistic means. In one sense, this means that the artist has not yet found the subject which will carry his formal concerns without appearing superfluous. On the other hand, he simply needs more time. He paints figuratively to the extent of employing manikin-like figures which are Italianate in their reading of the Grecian ideal. But whether they lean from a balcony, sit in a chair or demonstrate in an unspecified place, they are primarily considered for their capacity for form and movement, brought out through emphasis of the significant volumes as plane and motion. His concern for content comes out in the big figure works like the three classic figures in *Triptych with Predella*, which relates his sense of the past to a taste for a period. But he never reaches the reverential depths required to transcend the fashionably antique, and the viewer is referred to a small abstract still life, less self-conscious in its conformity to its limitations. (Alan, Nov. 10-29.)—S.T.

Milton Goldring: Certain elements in Goldring's paintings seem to be the result of that remarkable sleight of hand which painters gifted as he is use to establish tricky spatial effects that are dazzling but without substance. However, in this instance the artist's concern does go beyond the creating of boundless vistas and the flexible interchangeability of the near and the distant; he is striving to make more meaningful these spatial intimations through the use of evocative forms which instill their surroundings with the mystery of places unseen but not undreamt of, primeval vestiges as in *Ancestral Appurtenances*, or intimations of the space age as in *View of Eternity*. The paint is applied in transparent glazings which contain their own light and gathering shadows, and in swathes of luminous color, organized by linear structures. The element of the Surreal, suggested by such titles as *Memories of the Future*, is present in these paintings yet not consciously insistent, perhaps because Gorky long since destroyed the barrier which held Surrealism as a category apart. (Grand Central Moderns, Jan. 13-31.)—M.S.



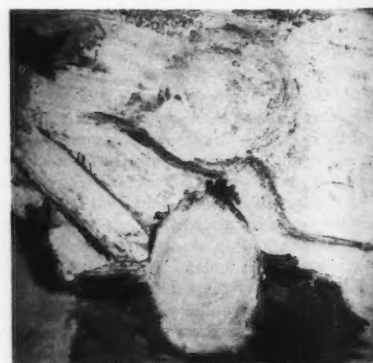
Marsden Hartley, *Mount Katahdin*; at Babcock Gallery.



John Thomas, *Figure in Blue Chair*; at Alan Gallery.



Milton Goldring, *Ancestral Appurtenances*; at Grand Central Moderns Gallery.



George McNeil, *Brandenburg*; at Poindexter Gallery.

George McNeil: The color is as intense and as finely handled as the vigor of the painting itself in these large abstractions. The particular beauty of many of the paintings seems to lie in individual passages, in whites that slide into yellows or creamy flesh tones, grays that modulate and darken into blues. Among the outstanding works one would want to mention *Brandenburg*, with its varied whites, its outcroppings of gray or blue or a full, rich red; *Versailles*, with its cool blues and earthy browns, its creamy yellows and whites; or the large *Maja*, with its wedge of sienna over gray-browns, its delicate pinks laced among whites, its odd, blunt shape of deep blue in the center. (Poindexter, Jan. 12-31.)—J.R.M.

Hisao Domoto: A thirty-year-old Japanese living in Paris, Domoto paints in what can be called an accredited Western manner supplied once more by the centrifuge of international Expressionism. As might be feared, he has acquired sophistication at the expense of his cultural identity. A predilection for a swirling semicircular movement in grays, blues and whites—which, when they develop antipodally, occasionally result in surprising symmetries—creates tempestuous surfaces looking more often than not like storm-tossed seas. At the same time they are lacking in the fluidity both approach and association imply. It would seem the sense of the prodigious he has cultivated is at odds with his native reticence, which appears peripherally in a bland talent for placement. (Jackson, Jan. 2-24.)—S.T.

Sal Sirugo: Black and white in small dabs and scrapes work against each other to produce a special kind of space which is at once dense and alive with surface flickerings. The entire painting receives the same treatment without any concentration of activity or massing into larger movements, so that what is presented to the observer is like a fragment cut out of a boundless spatial vista. The eye can be bewitched by the ceaseless back-and-forth play of dark and light, by the endless shifting and fluctuating which have the same hypnotic effect as moving water under a steady gaze; engaging only our eyes, the works allow our minds to wander into random associations. Yet it is a feat of sorts to be able to mold out of two cans of paint and a flat surface such a complex fabric of minuscule variations and motions that there is never once a static moment, no matter how large the work may be. Sirugo began to paint while in an Army hospital after World War II and subsequently studied at the Art Students League and the Brooklyn Museum. The present exhibition, which is his first, covers a period of about five years and makes apparent the artist's strides toward larger and bolder paintings as well as the increasing firmness of his control over his means. (Camino, Jan. 2-22.)—M.S.

Robert Jay Wolff: In his current exhibition, Wolff, who is head of the Department of Art at Brooklyn College, presents a series of canvases which are further developments of his researches in geometrical shapes. He demonstrates an enormous range in his painterly ideas within this framework. He creates a multiplicity of surfaces, ranging from licked areas which appear as pure light to flat, rock-hard color spaces. His canvas is treated like a series of prisms which he saturates with hue and shining light from the surface; this prismatic structuring is also used as a method of creating planes, tipped at different depths into and out of the picture plane. These paintings demonstrate the skill of the consummate craftsman in complete control of his medium. (Borgenicht, Dec. 16-Jan. 3.)—B.B.

Gospel Hymnal: Lawrence Woodman recalls Gospel hymns heard in his New Hampshire childhood, in this extensive showing of four-way abstraction in tempera on blueprint paper. Some-

times the subjects are remembered with irreverence and sometimes with quiet desperation. The most striking of his works have a central image of reddish brown flattened against a ground of brilliant yellow in a manner that is occasionally reminiscent of Dubuffet in its straightforward placement and its grotesquerie of the human shape. Others are more freely painted with brilliant reds and oranges blossoming from jungles of dark blue-greens and blacks. Among the more tender recollections apparently are his *Upland Symphony for Beethoven*, and *Lovers Oblivious: Map of an Ocean*, with its dim islands floating in golden yellow. (Adam-Ahab, Jan. 6-22.)—J.R.M.

Agnes Martin: Contained forms are deployed against expansive fields in these light-colored, gently persistent abstractions. The forms are complete or broken rectangles and circles, and when they move, as in *Pacific*, it is to nudgingly displace one another. This painting looks like a deep landscape, while in *L.P.*, for instance, the forms are objects seen from above against a flat white ground. There are several paintings that are made of two rectangles sitting one above the other well inside a solid field. The colors are soft—variations of gray and white predominate, with other and green tints and occasional small sharp occurrences of a hard, dry blue. It seems, thus far, to be an art of placement, although in some instances Miss Martin has realized a character for the shapes she uses. And she consistently displays an even calm of regulation and restraint; in the exclusion of anything stronger or chancier she has, at least, defined a style. (Section 11, Dec. 2-20.)—A.V.

Contemporary Japanese Artists: Forty-three pieces in various media on paper introduce the work of Japan's avant-garde, a group who closely follow the American school of Abstract Expressionist painting. Notable are the red and black, tightly integrated, blocklike construction of Take-da, the subtle tones and nuances of color in the formal, geometric black crayon drawings of Jiro Asazume, the cool colors and vibrato of the De Kooning-like Fujio Katsumoto. Hideaki Tanizawa isolates a circle in pale gray and green washes; Mitsuyoshi, using muted grays, greens and blues, achieves a surface as changing in color and texture as the sea. Kenji Ushiku renders convoluted sculptural forms in yellow and black. These small works on paper demonstrate that the essential qualities of a school of painting renowned for exaggeration in size and media are translatable. (Brata, Nov. 14-Dec. 4.)—H.D.M.

Kay Christensen: The well-known Danish painter displays fourteen oils and a number of lithographs. Using a pointillist surface, he creates a filmy, dreamlike setting for old-fashioned, idealized children in conventional moods. Pictures like *Anne-Marie* and *Radio Sunday Morning* have a quality of story-book domesticity of considerable literary charm. However, the paintings lack the vigor and structural solidity of Seurat, and lean more toward his rococo imitators of the turn of the century. In a totally different style are imaginary forests painted in the lurid colors of German Expressionism. Here again the artist has mastered the technique of a foreign school which does not correspond to the content of his own work, and the result is close to caricature. (Meltzer, Jan. 12-Feb. 7.)—H.D.M.

Sam Goodman: In this series of paintings, some of which were shown this summer in Southampton, the artist is concentrating on a single theme. In variously sized canvases, ranging from a few inches in height and width to several feet, Goodman pushes the dynamic brush-thrust, paint-in-process method to its farthest limit. His paintings are composed of a few streams of pigment balanced on an asymmetric "center." No over-

Jan. 6-31

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painting or overlapping of color interferes with the direct statement of each stroke. Goodman does nothing to fix, or to "beautify," the raw energy of his paintings; their virtues are their extreme honesty and elemental force. They are startling, lively—and raw. Significantly, his best work in the exhibition is a large, brilliantly hued painting on—raw canvas; not even sizing is used to ingratiate the canvas with the viewer or to ease the initial shock which the work imparts. (Camino, Oct. 24-Nov. 14.)—B.B.

Henry Mattson: His first show in three years includes a number of paintings on his familiar marine themes: the choppy seas and battered rocks of the Maine coast are set forth in powerfully organized canvases, intense in mood. The best of these is *Maine*, in which the lowering sky and ink-black sea communicate the apprehension of a threatening storm. *Double Poppies* conveys the lush beauty of these flowers in a heavily pigmented, low-keyed painting; in another flower piece, *Phlox*, the paint is also thickly applied, with an effect of sensuous delicacy. (Rehn, Jan. 5-24.)—H.D.M.

Jack Smith: There is something mystical about Jack Smith's recent work; it seems to describe an ancient astrology. The onetime painter of the "kitchen sink" school has left the fish and cutlery of household realities to explore the globular enigmas of nonobjective universes, their rushing horizons, crusted formations and hanging moons. Although he has joined the nonobjective group he does not experiment with pure space and action, but instead builds nests of thatched color and places them in blue ceilings, signifying the mystery of heaven. His painting is without precedent (it appears to have been born full-grown) and, unlike English painting in general, is authoritative in a vein of inspiration that seems almost alchemistic. His abrupt switch from the commonplace to the surreal is like the spiritual release of a Prufrock who now dares to disturb the universe and eat a peach. (Viviano, Nov. 24-Dec. 13.)—B.D.H.

Alex Katz: Here is a moment of figures trapped in a flood of Stoic light, stark color fitting the hour with its exitless morality, the organized barrenness of people placed in too much space, three receding trees on a bulging green parabola, faces blind behind the childhood and only the sky or clothing dreams. Alex Katz's search for an ultimate reality combining flesh and nature is admirable and particularly successful in *Duck Trap* and *The Beach*, but the emptiness wins out. One is left with tentative portraits instead of the under- or upperground and a sterile, blank landscape. (Tanager, Jan. 16-Feb. 6.)—B.D.H.

Edith Schloss: Edith Schloss describes the beauty of Maine, as seen during the summer, and the charm of her New York kitchen. After many exhibitions (both group and two-man), the artist is having her first solo exhibition. The still lifes are tastefully decorative, sincere and pleasantly reminiscent of Chardin (cut flowers, fragile elegance of glassware, planned arrangements), but using a modern palette; the landscapes have much of the chill and intense light of the Down Easter terrain. (Workshop, Jan. 13-Feb. 7.)—B.D.H.

Kollwitz: Among the innumerable women artists of our day, the figure of Käthe Kollwitz emerges ever more clearly as a genius who ranks with the greatest graphic artists. This show includes, along with many well-known things like the stark self-portrait of 1927, such rare prints as a self-portrait of 1901 which has never been published, as well as numerous drawings and sketches. Among the most outstanding features of this exhibition is a large group of posters Kollwitz made for various public causes during the years of the Weimar

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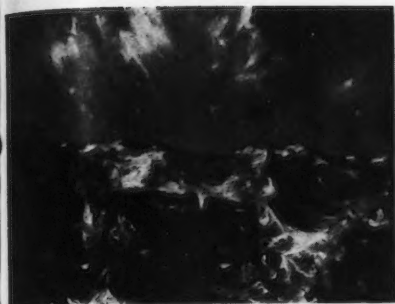
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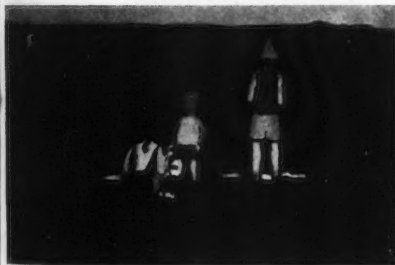
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Henry Mattson, *Blue Marine*;
at Rehn Gallery.



Jack Smith, *Objects in Light and Shadow*;
at Viviano Gallery.



Alex Katz, *Duck Trap*;
at Tanager Gallery.



Edith Schloss, *South Window, Midsummer*;
at Workshop Gallery.

Republic, showing that artistic excellence can be combined with the statement of a distinct message. However, it is in her more personal prints of mothers and children and above all in her self-portraits that her genius is most powerfully expressed. (St. Etienne, Jan. 12-Feb. 7.)—H.M.

Doris Caesar: Simultaneously with her exhibition of sculpture at the Whitney Museum (titled "Four Expressionists") with Knaths, Rattner and Gross, Doris Caesar shows other of her recent bronzes at the Weyhe Gallery. Like Moore in their stubbornness and poise (their refusal to submit to ignobility) and like Lehmbruck in their elongation and hovering anxiety, the figures have also some of her own special qualities of objectivity and sentiment: her desire to recognize the spiritual in the secular. There are certain weaknesses in her work, such as the pinched stomachs and Easter Island heads, which waylay total sympathy, but the tense modeling of the arms and legs is accurately understood. Among the most demanding are *Mädchen*, *St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata* and two sculptures of flowers. (Weyhe, Jan. 15-Feb. 7.)—B.D.H.

Jerome Burns and Josephine Burns: A new gallery presents a double exhibition of oils. Josephine Burns works very tastefully within a style that is often reminiscent of Braque in its disciplined forms and its concern with textures, with rich but sometimes odd combinations of colors. Thoroughly constructed works with considerable authority and sensitivity, her canvases include several decided successes, notably *The Green Tablecloth* and *The Desk*, with its multitudinous details of desk, fruit, pipes, open window all skillfully managed and controlled. Jerome Burns presents a number of brilliant, freely painted scenes, the best of which is *Brooklyn Backyard*, with its sunny flashes of light greens, blues and purples. (Hicks Street Gallery, Dec. 4-28.)—J.R.M.

Jack Davis: Several of Davis' canvases, notably *Rain* and *Early Reflections*, are descended from Impressionism and are fresh and misty, formed of small distinct strokes of colors which blend off the canvas rather than on it in a haze that suggests the new growth and fragile blossoming of the spring landscape. The other paintings are more contrived, more dependent on idea, although their conceptual roots are indistinct. Ganglion-like entanglements of lines and nodules twine about still-life objects or create a flat pattern against a spacious background of brown and green, and squirming shapes on a darkly iridescent ground suggest underwater life in *River View*, which gives one the sensation of looking upward at the light from the depths of the river bed. *Thunder and Rain* is a canvas horizontally divided into areas of olive green and slate gray, briefly pierced by wavy streaks of light blue; and *Leaves*, one of the pleasantest paintings, shows a spiky shrub carrying the deep-ocher tones of the lower background into the red of the upper part of the canvas, while orange underpainting beneath the ocher softens the arbitrary composition. (Nonagon, Jan. 4-24.)—M.S.

Bellias: Winner of the Prix de la Critique 1957 (previously won by Buffet and Lorjou) and the 1958 Prix des Amateurs d'Art, this thirty-five-year-old French painter is being given his first one-man show in New York. There are about twenty-five canvases in all, ranging in subject matter from the beaches and fields of Brittany to groups of street musicians and the still lifes of Paris. Particularly interesting are his wheat-colored landscapes, with crisp skies and skillfully modeled fields, and magically composed seascapes, suspending both the bathers and sands in the hour of a lazy afternoon. His style is something of a cross between Buffet (abstracted drawing,

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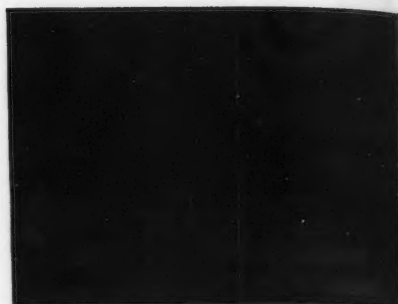
romantic colors) and Minaux (short brush strokes, temporal mysticism). It is to his credit that his style is not so rigidly unmistakable as theirs; it makes his reality less affected and gives the viewer both nature and vision. (Hervé, Jan. 14-30.)—B.D.H.

John Ireland Collins: Collins was once a Marine Corps artist, then he studied for four years at the Corcoran School of Art and later with Karl Knaths; yet he seems to come to each painting freshly, unhampered by rules or preconceptions—that is, he manages to look at each scene with his own eyes, to avoid the tricks of the trade, and also to avoid styles, popular or unpopular. There may seem to be fumbling and ungratifying aspects to his work, but it is likely that we are seeing a scene the way he intended us to see it, a wooded coastline well-loved, long-observed and simply rendered in chunky forms and soft lights, coming from an underpainting covered by loose thin strokes, blue over pink for the water, purple over green for the shore. Many of these seascapes are seen by moonlight which forms steppingstones over the water and gives the boats a pale glow. Sensations of light and color, even of qualities of the air, are more important than objective description or matters of composition; the vision is a rather romantic one yet stirs memories of similar experiences. (Area, Jan. 23-Feb. 14.)—M.S.

Howard Low: Solid-color backgrounds with linear characters (Oriental and Klee-like) dominate all of Low's pictures: *The Invalids* with its black and white setting and blue lines, though abstract, conveys the feeling of wheelchairs and hospital sterility; *Mambo* describes purple and red peg-figures cavorting in a dimly colored area. (Mi Chou, Jan. 13-Feb. 7.)—B.D.H.

Nicholas Orsini: A teacher at the Boston Museum school, recently returned from Europe, Orsini exhibits a series of small, intimate, richly colored gouaches. The style is abstract with flat angular or circular images, the compositional sense unflinching. Where the work falls short occasionally is in the triptychs on earth and sky forms where the certainty of his talent appears to lead him into satisfaction with rather thin decorative effects. This does not occur often, however, and the majority of his works combine a very distinct ability for design with a rich and sensuous feeling for color that finds its best expression in *Tropical Landscape*, with its leafy and thorny images in beautiful blues, yellow-greens and soft, deep purples. (Pietrantonio, Jan. 16-31.)—J.R.M.

Ilse Getz: In her last show two years ago Ilse Getz's paintings were mainly suggested by the sun-illuminated walls of Italian towns, with squarish shapes partially diagrammed by black line against dazzling whites. Most of her recent paintings are in black and white, but with more blending of the two, and the forms, which are rounded and clustering, evoke forests and gardens, rustling, quivering with their own life, rather than bland and fixed, as buildings. The rounds are only partial, like buds giving way to indistinct roots; their white domes throng, jostling together, or rim an enchanted circle around a scraped and scumbled center. The blacks at their densest form narrow crevasses; they are also pulled across whites to give an elastic wavering motion and evasive light to the canvas as a whole. Once, in *Easter Sunday*, she lets color loose in oversize blossoms of orange, blue and red, but oddly this painting seems less concerned with color than the frosty, moonlit achromatic paintings or those in which pale oranges and yellows are made a property of white light. The newest paintings expand still further—*Landscape by the Sea*, frothy and billowing and grandiose in its space, encloses the observer, and *Italian*



John Ireland Collins, *White Boats*; at Area Gallery.



Howard Low, *The Invalids*; at Mi Chou Gallery.



Nicholas Orsini, *Flowers*; at Pietrantonio Gallery.



Ilse Getz, *Seascape I*; at Bertha Schaefer Gallery.

Village II returns to an old theme and to the incorporation of collage with new spatiality and greater daring. (Bertha Schaefer, Dec. 29-Jan. 17.)—M.S.

Jean Cohen: An invited exhibitor in her first one-man show has assembled ten oils, the results of a year's work in New York and Provincetown. Form is her primary preoccupation, and her forms are characterized by boldness, vigor—and a total rejection of any image. In spite of this, her paintings give one a strong sense of things seen and felt. Using reds, oranges and blues, she builds her canvases with interlocking incisiveness. In *Reverberations*, done with deceptive freedom, the feeling is of a texturally rich many-object still life. In *Yellow Spring*, a vertical composition of yellows that range from cool to warm, the sense of space and outdoors is controlled by the unstudied red, blue and green forms on the right. In the larger *Summer* a horizon of orange stretches across the upper part of the picture, and the balance is caught by the billowing yellow, pink and red blocklike ovals in the white foreground. The light and air of the dunes come across in a small playful seascape where the familiar oval shapes jostle each other in a background of sea blue and sky yellow. (Tanager, Nov. 28-Dec. 18.)—H.D.M.

Sylvia Fein: A miniaturist of consummate skill and delicacy, Sylvia Fein packs a microcosmic view into a few square inches of painting surface, rivaling even Jan van Eyck's challenge to the naked eye with her wielding of what must almost certainly be a single-hair brush. There is a fragility to the terrestrial paradises she unfolds, as if they were worlds reflected in a bubble that might vanish at any moment, too precarious in their loveliness to be fixed for any length of time. Her touch, as she applies her egg tempera, is so deft and light that there is no trace of laboriousness to the minute detailing, but rather a sense of fresh pleasure in discovering nature anew in such an entrancing guise. An orchard coming into bloom, a flurry of birds in the sky, unruffled reflections in the water, the misty greens of newly planted fields, jewel-like clusters of flowers—all are seen from a vantage which places the earth once again, briefly, at the center of the cosmos. (Sagittarius, Dec. 10-Jan. 4.)—M.S.

Jessie Drew-Bear: Artful primitives mirror recent Venetian impressions of this veteran exhibitor, and include some personal fantasies on Biblical themes. A colorful canal scene, *Fiesta Notte*, embroiders gratuitously on the theme of lush pageantry over most of a large canvas, but reserves one corner for an exquisite, Guardi-like view of St. Mark's domes against the Lagoon. The later canvases are thinly painted in chalklike tones of pink and mauve. Less ambitious works such as a small, rich still-life of bottles and cocktail glasses, a heavily textured, somber view of St. Mark's façade emphasizing its jewel-like quality rather than its grandeur, and a voluptuously handled *Still Life with Peacock* in pinks and yellows, are most rewarding. (Avant-Garde, Nov. 25-Dec. 23.)—H.D.M.

Zacharias, Zacharias, De Suvero: Two unrelated painters, Anthe and Athos Zacharias, and one sculptor, Mark De Suvero, exhibit for the first time. Anthe, who studied at the University of California, makes paintings almost out of a single color like red or green or gray—at least the dominant color determines the character of each canvas—and she works the paint into a thick crust which is broken sporadically into countering thrusts of color or impasto. Athos is a more sophisticated painter, and his canvases bear a distinct personal stamp; they are light and spare, often organized by a sketchy linear grid behind which white spaces open up with a sug-

gestion of distance, pulling against the bright blues which stay in the immediate foreground. Mark De Suvero, who was born in Hong Kong and also studied at the University of California, exhibits sculptures in hydrocal coated with gold paint, and welded-metal pieces with crumpled sheathing, nubbly seams and protruding spikes, which are novel forms rather than evocations of things extant. (March Gallery, Jan. 2-22.)—M.S.

John Loftus: Loftus is a landscapist, partly out of natural affection, but also because his subject provides him with simple forms for more purely pictorial considerations. Earth tones, grays and greens all merge into masses more or less in conformity with the natural scene, but the method is dedicated to the end of retaining an actively designed surface. The subject is invoked with varying degrees of clarity, but with the exception of one canvas, *Winter: Taos*, they are quite similar in mood, indicating that the structuring act has prevailed at the expense of passion. (Artists', Dec. 20-Jan. 8.)—S.T.

Peetar Monk: An interesting New York debut is made by this painter of disturbing symbolic scenes, such as the waiting boat on a stormy sea which beckons an escape beyond the barrier of a red fence, or the pale, ghostly figure amid dark, gesturing trees, or the boys flying kites which seem like departing spirits set free from a melancholy world; the paint is thickly applied to give the paintings a rich body, and the color is evocative in its own eerie way. (Riley, Dec. 16-Jan. 3.)—M.S.

Roy Gamble: The artist, who now lives in Detroit, spent the summer of 1910 in Southern France and Belgium, where he painted most of the small oils and oil sketches now on view—charming beach and market scenes that catch the light and shadows of French Impressionism and enclose them in arrangements of solid forms that have an interlocked, architectural quality. Or better, perhaps, to describe their homeliness, one would say that they are "well knit." Mr. Gamble had been a student of Henri's before going to Europe; that teacher's influence is suggested in the darker oil sketches of 1914, done after his return to this country. A deeper, more dramatic feeling is exhibited in these sketches than in the sturdy, broad-daylight canvases; the sketches are richer even though—and perhaps because—they were not brought to an absolute finish. (Davis, Dec. 18-Jan. 10.)—A.V.

Ted Joans: Once a jazz musician himself, Joans stays close to jazz in his paintings, both in the frenzied action paintings which are red and hot (he doesn't like his music cool) and in his unusual representations of such figures as Dizzy, Big Joe Turner, C. Porter and Bessie Smith. *C. Porter* is a hunched-over silhouette in black, like a single note of music, on a white ground; *Dizzy* is a pink blur traversed by crisscrossing black lines, and most of the other figures are laced or bound by lines or drips of paint or patched with collage. The abstractions are generally centrally fixed, like one loud blare, with lines crossing furiously at a point of concentration and thinning out toward the canvas edges. These are statements of such obvious conviction and individuality that the lack of painterly finesse does not seem very important. (Phoenix, Jan. 16-29.)—M.S.

Matisse: The superb draftsmanship of Matisse is once again revealed in this group of drawings which range all the way from informal sketches to highly finished pen drawings. Several media are represented, such as charcoal, pen and ink, India ink, crayon, in all of which Matisse shows the same mastery of line and economy of means. The subjects are usually familiar ones rendered with

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the elegance and sophistication so characteristic of the artist, and the style of the drawings varies from Cubist to realistic depending on the period in which they were made and the use to which they were put. Also on display are some of the artist's sculptures, but the emphasis is primarily on the graphic work. (Matisse, Dec. 2-27.)—H.M.

Dorothy Goldberg: These curious works are characterized as poem paintings by the artist. Poems, prose fragments and suggestive words are brushed, scratched and otherwise worked into the paintings they presumably suggest. The images vary from the representational to the abstract and the atmospheric. In conversation, Miss Goldberg proposed an aesthetic which alleges that modern art, having broken new ground, is now ready for a content appropriate to it. Although she intends something more overtly communicative than what is fashionable today, we deal finally with the visual fact. The inclusion of a fragment from *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* does not amplify pictorially the painting she calls *The Cocktail Party*, at least no more than the usual title would. Nevertheless, her method occasions now and then a success that is the best refutation of her intellectual argument, especially *Daber*, which re-creates an ancient Hebrew scroll effect. (Morris, Dec. 23-Jan. 10.)—S.T.

Gordon Steele: Back streets of cities, abandoned buildings, docks, skeleton fences, lots, lonely boys: *The Edge of Town*, which is the title of one of the pictures, is the theme of this artist's first New York exhibition. The technique follows the theme closely, tending toward cool and melancholy colors, but for all the sympathy of his intent the resolution impresses one as dispassionate. In a *Study in Blue* (the back of a girl walking through the city at evening) he attempts to combine experimental aesthetics with meaning, but the result is (as it often is) the diminution of the latter. (Salpeter, Nov. 24-Dec. 13.)—B.D.H.

Madeline Hewes: The artist paints stylistically primitive scenes of her travels to the warm countries with the sensitivity of a highly skilled craftsman. Unlike most of the sophisticated primitives, who supplement their planned naïveté with a simple and flat palette, she utilizes a full tonal range with subtle gradations and defined brush strokes and selects with elegant concern the colors that will most heighten her exotic reality. It is a tour that encompasses *After Gettysburg*, with its separation of gray old men from the dark young slaves, *A Windy Day in Athens* and a solemn wedding breakfast in Barcelona. (Walker, Nov. 17-Dec. 6.)—B.D.H.

Morton Roberts: Although only thirty-two, the artist is a member of the National Academy and winner of a long list of prizes. Among the fifty-eight drawings and paintings on view is a series of illustrations *Life Magazine* is using with a featured article on the history of jazz. Such a career seems somewhat anachronistic, but it is consistent with the artist's achievements. The influence of Sargent predominates. In the jazz series, the subjects are stated with impeccable exterior honesty and competence of rendering, and total indifference to their spirit or significance. Costume models in old-fashioned illustrations, they look as if they couldn't play a note. (Grand Central, Dec. 22-Jan. 9.)—H.D.M.

Abraham Lishinsky: These twenty-one oils by the New York mural painter are the result of a two-year stay in Palma de Mallorca. The scenes of bullfights and guitarists could have been done without leaving home, for they add nothing to the usual American stereotype of Spanish subjects. Large, semiabstract forms in grayed, high colors frequently show no functional relation to

each other, but are set in arbitrary patterns, or fail to form any design at all. Exaggerated shapes unwittingly suggest commercial cartoons where no satire is intended. Several realistic portraits are equally unrewarding. (Washington Irving, Jan. 5-24.)—H.D.M.

Ed Moses: A concentration of color or of remotely organic forms serves as the nucleus for most of these paintings and color drawings; beyond this central massing the color trails off into wispy ends and the forms diminish in wavering lines, often dotted, which tentatively probe the empty portions of the canvas. Paint and collage are used interchangeably at times, each taking on the function of the other, as in the drawing of leaf shapes in blue on bare canvas in which the outlines may be filled in with scraps of canvas or with thick dabs of pigment. The artist's touch is deft and delicate, and he twists line against stroke in such a way that the dense areas seem to be composed of many turning, shifting units, like the flames of a fire or figures in a crowd. The newest paintings are the most skillful and coherent. (Area, Jan. 2-23.)—M.S.

Peter Hayward: This New Hampshire-born sculptor has been painting since 1950, and has been three times the winner of the Washington Square Outdoor Show Grand Prize. His small oils and studies of New York scenes show Uptown and Downtown streets, Central Park, the East Sixties, the Women's House of Detention, the city in wet weather and in sun. Indefinably, they remind one of the series of Paris scenes familiar to all tourists, although they are unmistakably New York in content and in spirit. All are skillfully done in academic style, with a light touch. (Grand Central, Jan. 13-24.)—H.D.M.

Gabriel Dauchot: The drawings and water colors of Dauchot, a young French painter who exhibited oils here last season, have an ingenious quality which forestalls criticism of their casual brevity. His sketches of Paris and of clowns and harlequins, accomplished with line and a few spots of color, verge on the merely modish; yet while his line is blithe, it is never glib, and while his manner is dashing, it is never too hasty for tenderness. This tenderness is his saving grace, for it renders poignant what might be only elegant or picturesque and makes his fluent line caressive rather than simply descriptive. (Juster, Jan. 5-24.)—M.S.

Edmund Bosch: Although this is an uneven exhibition of gouaches and pastels, it has vigor, ingenuity and a point of view that is distinctly personal. His most effective work is *Pilings from the Seaside*, where the formal elements are structured in a very simple presentation. One feels that the artist has made a good beginning but that the searchings for an effective style and a controlled technique are somewhat apparent. (Hicks Street, Jan. 8-25.)—J.R.M.

George Wexler: There is no diminishing of color intensity in any portion of Wexler's canvases—and no differentiation in treatment of earth, sky or water—so that the mosaics of orange, purple, red and black vibrate in an all-over glimmering surface within which the image is locked. One figure, a large *Reclining Nude*, sprawls on the beach, sunbaked to a ruddy tone, but the rest of the paintings appear, more or less specifically, to be based on landscape, with an emphasis on rhythmic unifying factors and not on dissonant elements. There is an august air to *Mohawk Landscape III*, with its vivid scarlet and orange sky above regal black and purple hills, and an impressive study of river currents and rocks entitled *Woodstock Rapids*, with glinting lights tracing the water's swift motion. (Fleischman, Jan. 21-Feb. 6.)—M.S.

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January 1959

Olivier Charles, Rose Marceniss, Betty Parish: The chief interest in this three-man show is provided by Charles, a competent stylist in the contemporary idiom popularized by Dubuffet. Austere still lifes in stark blacks and grays and street scenes of Italy in severe, cool colors are professional and urbane. Most impressive is *Classical Street*, a formalized, geometric construction of an Italian façade. Parish, a veteran exhibitor and prize winner of the National Association of Women Artists, paints London scenes in pleasing colors. Marceniss, a New Jersey artist, shows mannered nudes and flowers. (Pulitzer, Jan. 6-20.)—H.D.M.

Paul Burlin: Burlin's recent drawings are quite as good as one would expect from this veteran artist. They have the vigor of reality that comes through in all good abstract art. If they are without a recognizable imagery, they have nonetheless a line dipped in emotion and composition which is authoritative. (Alan, Dec. 1-24.)—B.D.H.

U. S. Prints from the Mexican Biennial: These are the works of twenty American artists that were sent to Mexico City to represent the U. S. in a show that included all the Americas. On the whole the works are technically impeccable, but one would have expected a more interesting and vital selection considering the fact that graphic departments are flourishing in almost every college and art school in the country. The most important prints are those that use graphic art in its natural role of communication: Walter Williams' *Fighting Cock*, Leonard Baskin's *Sorrowing and Terrified Man* and Mauricio Lazansky's *España*, which won the Posada Prize of eight hundred dollars. (Brooklyn Museum, Nov. 4-Jan. 11.)—B.D.H.

Betty Guy: A world traveler and prolific watercolorist, Miss Guy produces work that seems to vary in quality with her feelings for a place; her Israeli scenes are less spontaneous and confident than her Irish landscapes, which transcend local color by getting the most from her technique. (Comerford, Dec. 1-31.) . . . **Henry Newman:** Lacking wit and/or irony, these constructions never rise above the eccentricity of their medium—a mélange of rusty wire, typewriter parts, plaster and refuse. (Pietrantonio, Dec. 1-15.) . . . **Leslie Fliegl:** A technique of bringing out his forms by emphasizing the highlights on everything creates a splatter effect in the service of a compassionately nostalgic realism; but the means are too much the end, and the final effect indecisive. (Eggleston, Dec. 8-20.)—S.T.

Wende and William Kasso: A green wave about to overpower a Victorian lady with parasol and her two sailor-suited brats with their sand castle in *The Wave*, three ladies of Salvation playing to beasts in a Hicksian jungle, and a dandified satyr leering over the steering wheel of a Stutz Bearcat in Easy Street are some of the funnier of the New Yorkerish themes that Wende Kasso paints tightly. William Kasso paints humorless academic still lifes in the manner of Braque and one rather pretty portrait of his second son in a style that is a cross between Picasso and Carroll. Both painters make one conscious of how much hard work must go into trying to be unique. (Bodley, Dec. 1-24.)—B.D.H.

Mildred Fischer: A strong, elemental sense of design is demonstrated in this series of hand-weavings and paintings; by virtue of their absolute definitions of form and hue the weavings better project this structural clarity. (Mills College, Nov. 3-Dec. 19.)—B.B.

Ruth Ray: White horses emerge from gray-blue waves or stride, head up, through streaming mist. When humans are involved, they are delicate-

boned, dreamy-eyed. A spell has been cast; the waters have risen around our gray-brown city. One almost fears the magical kiss that would awaken this enchanted world, so sweet are its smooth, still surfaces. (Grand Central, Nov. 3-15.)—A.V.

Skaling: These colorful paintings of figures and birds are done in a bold, expressionistic style, but the forms are not completely realized and the symbolism remains obscure. (Ruth White, Dec. 16-Jan. 3.) . . . **Aldemir Martins:** This Brazilian artist shows delightful drawings of cats and birds done in a bright, semi-primitive style, yet very sophisticated. (Viviano, Dec. 15-Jan. 3.) . . . **Elizabeth Kaye:** These Impressionistic water colors of famous places such as Venice, Cannes and Ragusa show a vivid feeling for the sites as well as a spirited use of line and color. (Barzansky, Dec. 1-13.) . . . **Mary Ascher:** Flowers and boats are the favorite subjects of this artist who works in a colorful, semiabstract style; although often rendered with feeling and sensitivity, the canvases suffer from poor organization. (Barzansky, Jan. 19-31.) . . . **Scottie Wilson:** This Scotch-born Canadian painter is a primitive who creates delightfully naïve pictures of birds, fishes and trees which look like folk embroideries by someone familiar with Klee. (Durlacher, Nov. 25-Dec. 20.)—H.M.

Petsuo Ochikubo: Pale grays and off whites interspersed with gentle drifts of color are applied with carefully contrived textures in serene compositions in which the distinctions of forms are so muted that they scarcely have even a latent affective power. (Krasner, Jan. 5-24.) . . . **William Blacklock:** A trace of geometric structure is apparent in the earliest paintings of this first one-man show, but it soon gives way to a complete turbulence of color and brushing which is as yet too diffuse and unknowledgeable to sustain its total anarchy. (Fleischman, Jan. 4-20.) . . . **Jaffe and Kazann:** A variety of media and styles is Lenore Jaffe's chief asset, as well as her greatest liability, for, while her work has a pleasant freshness, the transitions from matter-of-fact figure drawings to runny abstract water colors to Expressionistic woodcuts leave one with no clear impression of a personal conviction. A seaman by trade, Kazann, on the other hand, has plenty of conviction about laying on paint with a bold hand, in big, sticky puddles in some paintings, in a crisscross grid of drips and spatters in others, yet never with any discernible motivation. (Phoenix, Jan. 2-15.) . . . **Dorothy Underhill:** Mexican towns and villages, their colors confined mostly to shades of pink and brown, are depicted in flattened designs of interlocking shapes, drawn in with exactitude and a flair for handsome arrangement without distortion. (Panoras, Jan. 12-24.) . . . **Mychajlo Moroz:** A Ukrainian painter who has lived in the U.S. in recent years, Moroz has approached the Catskills scenery ravenously and spelled out with palette knife and thick slabs of paint an appreciation of a nature which for him is never still and whose rainbow tints surpass the travel poster's promises, but which, for all his vigor, he can only render in hyperbole. (Panoras, Jan. 26-Feb. 7.)—M.S.

Bennett Bradbury: Robust oils of dynamic seas breaking on red-orange rocks catch the roar of the ocean in high-keyed color. (Grand Central, Oct. 14-25.) . . . **Sascha Maurer:** Bright water colors of the New England coast sharply describe dry-docked boats, snug harbors and desolate lighthouses. (Grand Central, Oct. 21-Nov. 1.) . . . **Sam Middleton:** Collages executed with a depth and conceptual dimension not often seen in this medium presage an exciting future for this talented young artist; torn paper and torn Mexican bullfight posters provide the vehicle for a

continued on page 68

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WHERE TO SHOW

NATIONAL

Clinton, N. J.: 3rd National Print Exhibition, Hunterdon County Art Center, Mar. 15-Apr. 30. Open to all artists. All print media except monotype. Jury. Purchase prizes. Fee: \$2. Entry cards and work due Feb. 28. Write: Hunterdon County Art Center, Clinton, N. J.

Hartford, Conn.: Conn. Academy of Fine Arts 49th Annual Avery Memorial, Mar. 7-Apr. 5. Open to all living artists. Media: oil, oil tempera, sculpture, etching, dry point, lithograph, wood block. Jury. Prizes. Fee, \$4 for black-and-white, \$5 for others. Entry cards and work due Feb. 24. Write: Louis J. Fusari, P. O. Box 204, Hartford 1, Conn.

Jersey City, N. J.: Painters and Sculptors of N. J. Annual, Jersey City Museum, Mar. 2-28. Open to all artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, graphics, sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$5 (\$2 returned if work not accepted). Work due Feb. 9. Write: Frances Hulmes, 15 Park Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

Muncie, Ind.: Drawing and Small Sculpture Show 5th Annual Competition, Ball State Teachers College Art Gallery, Mar. 1-29. \$1,500 in awards. Fee: \$2 for 2 entries. Work due by Feb. 10. Write: William Story, Art Gallery, Ball State Teachers College, Muncie, Ind.

New Haven, Conn.: Paint and Clay Club 58th Annual, Public Library, Mar. 10-30. Open to all artists. All media. Prizes. Fee for nonmembers: \$4 for first entry, \$1 for second. Entry cards and work due Mar. 2. Write: Hilda P. Levy, 29 Old Hartford Turnpike, Hamden 17, Conn.

New York, N. Y.: Adam-Ahab 25th Quarterly. Adam-Ahab Gallery, Mar. 3-26. All media. Jury. Awards: 1-, 2-, 3-man shows. Work to be brought in personally, Tu. & Th. through Jan., 12-2 & 8-10 p.m. Adam-Ahab Gallery, 72 Thompson St., New York 12, N. Y.

American Prints Today, Print Council of America; multiple exhibition to be shown in 16 American museums, Sept.-Dec., 1959. Open to artists permanently residing in U. S. Jury. Prizes. No fee. Work due Jan. 5-31. Write: Print Council, 527 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

American Water Color Society 92nd Annual, National Academy Galleries, Apr. 2-19. Open to all artists. Media: water color, pastel. Jury. \$1,000 first prize, 20 other prizes. Fee: \$5. Work due Mar. 19. Write: Cyril A. Lewis, American Water Color Society, 175 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

National Academy of Design 134th Annual, Feb. 19-Mar. 15. Work may be submitted in oil and sculpture by nonmembers and members; water colors and prints by members only. \$11,000 in prizes. No fee. Work due Feb. 5. Write: National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y.

National Serigraph Society 20th Annual International Exhibition, Riverside Museum, May 5-24. Open to all artists. Medium: original serigraphs only (no photographic stencils). Jury. Prizes. No fee. Entry cards and work due by Mar. 15. Write: Herdis Bull Teilman, National Serigraph Society, 33 W. 57th St., New York 19, N. Y.

National Society of Painters in Casein 5th Annual, Riverside Museum, Mar. 1-22. Jury. Fee: \$5 (part refund). Work due Feb. 24. Write: Ted Davis, 128 E. 16th St., New York 3, N. Y.

Philadelphia, Pa.: Philadelphia Sketch Club Annual Etching Exhibition, Feb. 16-Mar. 8. Open to all U.S. artists. Media: bitten line, aquatint, dry point, mezzotint (no color etchings). Jury. Awards. No fee. Entry cards due Jan. 16, work

due Jan. 26. Write: W. G. Myers, Philadelphia Sketch Club, 235 S. Camac St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.

San Francisco, Cal.: Cal. Society of Etchers 44th Annual, Palace of Legion of Honor, May 2-31. Open to all artists. All print media except monotype. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for nonmembers. Entry cards due Mar. 1, work due Mar. 15. Write: Elizabeth Ginno, 1049 Keith Ave., Berkeley 8, Cal.

Seattle, Wash.: Northwest Printmakers 30th International Exhibition, Seattle Art Museum, Feb. 11-Mar. 1. Open to all American and foreign printmakers. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Work due Jan. 21. Write: Secretary, Seattle Art Museum, Seattle 2, Wash.

Springfield, Mass.: Springfield Art League 39th Annual Jury Exhibition, Fine Arts Museum, Mar. 1-29. Open to all American artists. Media: oil, water color, casein, pastel, gouache, prints, drawing, sculpture. Prizes. Fee: \$4. Entry cards and work due Feb. 18. Write: Harriet Richard, 109 Caseland St., Springfield 7, Mass.

Wichita, Kan.: 14th Decorative Arts and Ceramics Exhibition, Wichita Art Assn., Apr. 11-May 20. Jury. \$2,500 in awards. Fee: \$3. Work due Mar. 2-14. Write: Mrs. Maude G. Schollenberger, 258 N. Clifton, Wichita, Kan.

Youngstown, O.: University Prints 1959, Youngstown U. Open to all college and university faculty and students in U.S. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2. Work due by Mar. 9. Write: Jon Naberezny, Art Dept., Youngstown University, Youngstown, O.

REGIONAL

East Orange, N. J.: 8th Annual State Exhibition, Art Centre of the Oranges, Mar. 1-14. Open to N. J. artists. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 per entry (limit of 2). Entry cards due Feb. 11, work due Feb. 14, 15. Write: James F. White, 115 Halsted St., East Orange, N. J.

Hazleton, Pa.: 6th Annual Regional Art Exhibition, Hazleton Art League, Mar. 2-20. Open to artists within 50-mile radius of Hazleton. All media except sculpture. Jury. Prizes. Work due Feb. 14 & 15. Write: Hazleton Art League, 225 E. Broad St., Hazleton, Pa.

Memphis, Tenn.: Mid-South Painting Exhibition, Brooks Memorial Gallery, Mar. 4-31. Open to legal residents of Tenn., Ark., Miss. and other states within 250 miles of Memphis. Media: oil, water color, casein, gouache. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 per work. Entry cards due by Jan. 18, work due Jan. 31-Feb. 9. Write: Betty Graves, Mid-South Exhibition, Brooks Memorial Art Gallery, Memphis 12, Tenn.

Norwich, Conn.: 16th Annual Exhibition of Drawings, Paintings and Sculpture, Norwich Art Assn., Mar. 8-22. Open to all Conn. artists. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3. Work due Feb. 28 & Mar. 1. Write: Joseph P. Gualtieri, Norwich Art School, Norwich, Conn.

San Antonio, Tex.: Tex. Water Color Society 10th Annual, Witte Museum, Mar. 1-22. Open to present and former Tex. artists. Media: water-soluble media on paper. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$3 for nonmembers. Entry cards and work due Feb. 14. Write: Mrs. E. P. Kinzie, 317 Tuttle Road, San Antonio 9, Tex.

West Palm Beach, Fla.: 2nd All-Florida Sculpture Exhibition, Norton Gallery, Feb. 20-Mar. 15. Open to artist residents of Fla. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2.50 (limit of 3 pieces). Work due Feb. 10-12. Write: George Jenkins, 209 Seminole Ave., West Palm Beach, Fla.

Yonkers, N. Y.: Brook Artists Guild 4th Annual, Hudson River Museum, Feb. 1-27. Open to artists residing or teaching in Westchester County. Media: oil, water color. Jury. Prizes. Fee: \$2 (limit of 2 entries). Work due Jan. 23 & 24. Write: Janet Bandes, 2088 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

STUDIO TALK

The Concept of Space and Expression:

An Interview with James Brooks

BY BERNARD CHAET

TO DISCUSS materials and related methods with a painter without probing his aesthetic posture and "compositional" attitudes is to draw what we feel to be a false line between craft and vision. Therefore in a recent interview with James Brooks we discussed a wide range of topics: space and expression, nature and art, decoration in painting. But we did begin with materials.

Paint for some artists, Brooks among them, is a sensuous material. Brooks feels that the inherent nature of paint is an important tool; he therefore employs interacting areas of transparent, translucent and opaque pigments which are produced without forcing texture. This interplay of surface effects, which Brooks merely calls "letting the paint act naturally," is put to the service of spatial activity; it is a part—even if a small part—of the "expression" in a Brooks painting. In *Boon*, reproduced herewith, the blacks which appear opaque in the photograph are in reality partly translucent; one can see through the blacks to the light which is below the surface. It should be noted that this use of pigment to produce light and texture is not an altogether prevalent attitude. Some painters feel that the material, paint, is something that naturally resists personal image-making; they purposely resist the inherent possibilities of this material.

Brooks has constantly experimented with media. He has employed enamels on Bemis' Osnaburg cloth and on cotton duck canvas. Poly (vinyl-acetate) ["Studio Talk," October, 1956] and Rhoplex ["Studio Talk," September, 1957] have also been used in experiments in the past few years. At present he employs Lucite ["Studio Talk," March, 1957], a plastic which he dissolves in turpentine and to which he adds about ten per cent linseed oil. This mixture produces a fairly non-reflective surface—which he prefers. Cans of Behlen's paste-form pigments in linseed oil are employed with this medium. He thins the paint with an extender (asbestine) when he wants a color that has both viscosity and transparency. Brooks prefers this ready-to-use canned paint for his many large-scale works, but he also employs tube colors when special hues are needed. His enjoyment of the "physical involvement which a large area demands of a painter" dates from the execution of murals during the time of the Federal Art Project. (A work of his from that period is the mural in the Marine Building at La Guardia Airport in New York City.)

AT THIS POINT in the discussion we branched out into the topic of "self-expression"—which Brooks considers a much-abused term. He feels that every brush stroke placed on canvas, gentle or violent, is self-expression. More important: "A painting is expressive of everything the artist identifies himself with." And for James Brooks expression in the use of space produced by changing formal relationships "is the painter's method." This interaction of shape and color—that is, the groupings or relationships they may produce—"transmits an impulse which is the image and meaning of a painting."

Brooks's paintings, filled with baroque rhythms which suggest natural growth (as opposed to man-made straight lines), do not represent, he assured, either a "return to nature" or, as some painters may call it, "a going forward to nature," because for him "painting is part of nature." His belief in this concept led him

to decline participation in last season's "Nature in Abstraction" exhibition at the Whitney.

Next we discussed "painting and decoration." Brooks disagreed with the definition that a painting—as opposed to decoration—possesses focal points and has a beginning and an end. Instead he feels the difference lies between "pleasure and exhilaration" on one side and the "frightening" and the "unknown" on the other: "Both qualities are present in the best paintings. If a painting is all pleasurable," he continued, "it is decorative. On the other hand, when the unknown enters, one receptive to painting may be possessed by the presented image in a physical way—one's hair may stand on end."

Brooks also commented on the view that it is necessary, or at least helpful, to know the painter to understand his work properly. He feels this is a false concept because it is the painting which presents the artist's vision and it is the painting which is also the carrier of the artist's ultimate biography. "Facts about the artist's life may be interesting," Brooks added, "but only in a peripheral sense. It is the painting that I prefer to know." By way of illustration Brooks pointed out that the painters he now admires most, Piero and Giotto, possess a monolithic quality completely unlike anything in his own work. This fact may be interesting to a viewer looking at a Brooks painting, he feels, but it hardly aids the viewer to participate in the painting.

At this point we inquired about the titles which Brooks gives his paintings. Perhaps this topic is also peripheral, because, as it turned out, it is a personal problem rather than one relating directly to the visual. Brooks titles his paintings primarily for identification. About ten years ago he began to employ numbers and letters to indicate the order in which they were completed in a particular year. He soon found, however, that this system was unsatisfactory. He therefore puts together syllable combinations which he can remember: *Altoon, Floxurn, Holdan*. And he has used the names of towns in Texas which he knew in his youth: *Falfurias, Quero*.

Finally, Brooks commented on a universal problem of the artist—to confront painting and life freshly each day. The ideal combination, in his view, is to be able to weld a child's awareness on one's own collected, complicated sensations.



James Brooks, *Boon*.

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IN THE GALLERIES continued from page 65

display of subtle textural feel, sensitive color organization and lively imaginative powers. (Contemporary Arts, Oct. 27-Nov. 24.)—P.S.

Nicholas Roerich: His Russian architectural scenes of church interiors, crumbling towers and city walls, from the early 1900's, are rich in pigment and dramatically presented. (Roerich, Oct. 26-Feb. 28.) . . . **Lester Rondell:** Large, colorful oils, reflecting the artist's travels—generally caricatures of local customs—are made ponderous by size and medium. (Petite, Dec. 29-Jan. 17) . . . **Harold Merriam:** Drips and swirls of brilliantly colored paint give occasional suggestions of the figurative, as in *Variegated Landscape and Breaking Surf*. (Mond'Art, Dec. 1-27.) . . . **Sergio Vacchi:** For his first one-man showing here, a young Italian painter presents generally savage and earthy abstractions threaded with intense blood-reds. (Contemporaries, Nov. 17-Dec. 13.) . . . **Brian Cortell:** In a vein of bright and sunny impressionism, the landscapes like *The Old Mill* appear more successful than the somewhat awkward figure studies. (Mond'Art, Dec. 29-Jan. 17.) . . . **Vasily Zarkoff:** Rich, thick strokes of pigment characterize a style that finds its best expression in *Pink-Nosed Clown* and *The Red Hat*. (Mond'Art, Jan. 19-31.)—J.R.M.

Kerouedan: Small paintings of coastal scenes, beaches and boats, presumably of his native Brittany, use bright yellows and oranges almost exclusively. (Duncan, Jan. 1-17.) . . . **Jane Echeverria and Juanita Kenda:** This mother-and-daughter show presents water colors of San Miguel, Mexico, a tourist's bouquet of crisp and colorful market places, churches and street scenes by the former, and her daughter's Hawaiian scenes done in oils and colored ink and wax. (Duncan, Jan. 18-Feb. 1.) . . . **Harry Wertz:** These large, dry, conventional water colors of hunting and fishing scenes vary only with quarry and season; best is the lively *Dog Flushing Grouse*. (Grand Central, Jan. 20-31.) . . . **Billard:** Breton landscapes and farmhouses are monotonously rendered in raw and garish ochers and oranges applied with relentless intensity. (Duncan, Jan. 18-Feb. 1.) . . . **Saint-Crieg:** Still lifes suggesting a rather indiscriminate infatuation with French Cubism use props favored by that school: collage-like printed words, checkered effect in backgrounds; more successful is a crowded Fourteenth of July scene in the Impressionist style. (Duncan, Jan. 18-Feb. 1.) . . . **Enit Kaufman:** *City on the Sound*, a water color, shows that this artist has skill; the rest of the paintings on display are imitative and superficial. (Bodley, Jan. 19-31.) . . . **Peter Moor:** A Hungarian poet who turned to painting uses grays and understated color in his fantastic landscapes of Japanese inspiration in a show of twenty-four water colors. (Bodley, Jan. 12-24.) . . . **Bernard Shirley Carter:** The large, striking water colors of buildings and boats are decorative and controlled in technique; those on display would make a chic office-suite group. (Bodley, Jan. 5-17.) . . . **Robert Freiman:** Five bright-colored oils and fourteen more sober and restrained water colors of streets and buildings are shown. (Bodley, Jan. 19-31.) . . . **Rhoda Sklar:** This first one-man show displays canvases painted in a curious surface-oriented technique in which figures loom up and emerge from, or remain imprisoned behind, an encrusted, textured mesh of ill-defined color. (Bodley, Jan. 26-Feb. 7.) . . . **Mary Falconer:** She paints small, fragile flowers and fruit with delicacy and taste, in vivid colors and realistic style. (Iolas, Dec. 2-30.) . . . **Lily Landis:** An obsessive preoccupation with a flat-headed female torso form is the dominating motif in her show of small bronzes and terra cottas; technically polished, her somewhat sterile pieces resemble prehistoric figurines. (Iolas, Dec. 1-20.) . . . **Katherine Bercovici:** This artist is known for

her commissioned portraits in academic style; she shows a workmanly group of small heads and torsos of children in bronze and terra cotta. (Bodley, Jan. 5-17.) . . . **Paul Gattuso:** The first winner of this gallery's one-man-show award displays small landscapes and still lifes that are sincere but somewhat obvious tributes to Cézanne. (Crespi, Dec. 29-Jan. 10.) . . . **Sophie Hughes:** The conflicts in her style between abstractionism and expressionism are never fused or reconciled and result in insignificance. (Crespi, Jan. 12-24.) . . . **Elsie Ject-Kay:** She nonchalantly places colored shapes about in the center of gray, white or green canvases, using small strokes to achieve a shimmering surface, perhaps under the illusion that Abstract Art is thus simply and efficiently perpetrated; it obviously is not. (Crespi, Jan. 26-Feb. 7.) . . . **Claude L. Robinson:** He has wrought a few magnificent commonplaces and sentimentalities of heroic size (candle, book and skull called *Will to Live*; two tiny people invoking a starry sky called *New Worlds to Conquer*), and we can only suppose that he is the victim of the more emotional large-circulation magazines. (Kottler, Jan. 5-17.) . . . **Stewart Kranz:** These paintings have a somewhat disembodied look which is achieved by drawing thin, realistic details within large, semi-abstract compositions, then filling in areas of curiously grayed color in designs which do not necessarily originate in the drawing; a smoke-screen of style obscures the picture. (Artzt, Dec. 12-24.) . . . **C. L. MacNelly:** The painter seems to be at home and happy in a smiling banality, set forth in twenty small, sweet paintings of flower still lifes and nudes. (Artzt, Jan. 19-31.) . . . **Nicholas Morosoff:** He shows eighteen oils most of which are illustrational; his chalky tints and weak drawing are most successful in the harlequinade *Street Singers*. (Artzt, Jan. 6-18.) . . . **Matabee Goto:** Skillfully nontraditional-yet-Japanese, he uses water color and lacquer on board for his whimsical fantasies of birds and beasts. (Petite, Jan. 19-Feb. 7.)—H.D.M.

Patricia Allen: The Burr Gallery director shows stratoscapes, painted with plastic and powder colors, of which *Cosmic Shadow* is one of the more interesting: bursts of yellow sunlight through purple and warm mountainous shapes. (Burr, Jan. 5-17.) . . . **Jo Carroll:** This is the third New York exhibition of a young artist whose present direction wavers between the hazy edges and object of Surrealism and the battered collage technique of action painting. (Burr, Jan. 18-Feb. 1.) . . . **Three Primitives:** Eighty-three year old Alfredus Williams shows scenes of the Dominican Republic painted from the memory of his childhood (one particularly pretty scene is the *Wharf of Port Castries*); E. S. Hope, a seventy-two-year-old former railroad worker, describes the gaiety of Central Park and the somber monumentality of Brooklyn Bridge; Alfred Williams, fifty, paints the colorful Long Island autumn, bay and sailboats. (Marino, Nov. 21-Jan. 9.) . . . **Jack Prezant:** A first one-man show presents varied and untutored abstract styles and techniques. (ARKEP, Jan. 5-31.) . . . **Martin Bradley:** This young American artist, now living in Ibiza, has used action techniques to reinterpret Japanese tradition (*Cart among the Trees*) in his first one-man show of expressive drawings. (Wittenborn, Dec. 29-Jan. 12.) . . . **Fritz Winter:** The contemporary German artist exhibits non-objective canvases of patchwork colors and jagged edges. (Kleemann, Jan. 2-31.) . . . **Bent Lane:** These paintings and caseins by the present artist-in-residence at Simpson College, Iowa, contain many diverse themes and approaches, none of which seem to be resolved. (Argent, Dec. 21-Jan. 10.) . . . **Edith Geiger:** The artist exhibits brittle strips of color in luminous Gothic abstractions and bits of ribbon and paper collages that have considerable subtlety and finesse. (White,

emic style; small heads; terra cotta. **Ituso:** The show award lives that tributes to . . . **Sophie** between ab- never fused nce. (Cres- She non- out in the ases, using ng surface, tract Art is ; it obvious- . **Claude** magnificent heroic size o Live; two called New ly suppose tional large- 5-17.) . . . ve a some- achieved by large, semi- in areas of hich do not : a smoke- (Artzi, Dec. painter seems ng banality, paintings of Jan. 19-31.) eighteen oils chalky tints fful in the Jan. 6-18.) ntraditional- lacquer on f birds and D.M. rector shows and powder one of the ight through pes. (Burr- is the third artist whose hazy edges tered collage Jan. 18-Feb. y-three year of the Do- memory of ity scene is S. Hope, a worker, de- the somber ge; Alfred Long Island Nov. 21-Jan. ne-man show tract styles . . . **Martin** t, now living o reinterpret Trees) in his wings. (Wil- itz Winter: exhibits non- s and jagged **Bent Lane:** present artist- owa, contain nes, none of Dec. 21-Jan. ist exhibits thic abstrac- collages that esse. (White.

Jan. 6-24.) . . . **Sue Mitchell:** From Copper Hill, Tennessee, the artist sends oils that are strong in design and intensity, particularly the *House in the Landscape* and the *Bird in the Grass*. (Peridot, Jan. 12-31.) . . . **European Sculpture and Drawings:** Some minor but still excellent work of the masters: Rodin, Maillol, Renoir, Moore, Brancusi, Arp, Matisse, Léger, Miró, Redon and Gleizes. (Peridot, Dec. 15-Jan. 10.) . . . **Samson Schames:** Laneville Harbor and other Cape Cod scenes are expertly rendered with mixed media in Schames' recent work. (Este, Jan. 12-27.) . . . **Tadashi Sato:** A young Hawaiian artist exhibits paintings of the sea around and under us with the use of muddy greens, gray whites and brush strokes that simulate choppy water. (Willard, Jan. 6-31.) . . . **Jean Lareuse:** Of the school of Buffet, Minaux and Jansen, Jean Lareuse has created quite a number of interesting canvases and also a few potboilers. (Paris, Dec. 1-20.) . . . **Richard Langseth-Christensen:** The artist shows decorative still lifes and flowers, which are a little too syrupy. (Van Diemen-Lilienfeld, Dec. 3-27.) . . . **Emil Nolde and Otto Müller:** This is an exhibition of etchings, lithos and woodcuts by Nolde (all early work) and Müller, including a remarkably delicate water color of red and yellow flowers by the former. (New Art Center, Jan. 2-17.) . . . **Matisse, Villon and Pascin:** Along with the always enjoyable drawings of Matisse and Pascin, in this exhibition of graphics, are twenty-five early, elegant etchings by Villon for Virgil's *Bucolics*. (New Art Center, Jan. 19-31.) . . . **Victor Delhez:** Precise and dramatic illustrations for the *Fleurs du Mal* and the Gospels are well rendered in wood engravings by this Belgian-born artist who has lived in Argentina since World War I and is a professor at the University de Cuyo in Mendoza. (Sudamericana, Jan. 12-31.) . . . **Hiroshige:** Incomparable vistas of Japan are seen in this portfolio of the early nineteenth-century master's prints: emotions of snow, stalks of rain, pale seas the color of still blue bowls, knowing trees and the aristocratic mountain. (Comerford, Dec. 1-Jan. 1.)—B.D.H.

BOOKS continued from page 15

runners" to modern architecture appear in Peter's short introduction. There may indeed be a reason for his decision that the above-noted exceptions rate as full-blown accomplishment rather than as prophecy; but it would seem that this decision needs explanation. Conversely, why does the interior of Perret's Notre Dame at Raincy of 1923—surely one of the most significant modern ecclesiastical interiors both structurally and spatially—appear in the introduction and not in the plates? As for the introduction itself, it consists largely of a platitudinous précis of Giedeon's generalization, interspersed with much unanalytical generalization. Thus: "Many of Europe's leading architects [listed] found in the United States a technology and an economy uniquely suited to their ideas. [Such as?] The teachings and examples of these men [what were they?] have merged with earlier American developments [which ones?] and produced architects like [another list]." Of all the text in the volume, only an appendix with short biographies of architects represented would seem to be very helpful. Paradoxically, it is precisely because of the acumen with which the author-compiler has selected his photographs and the publisher has displayed them that one feels reluctantly compelled to attack the result so strongly. It is the curse of such lavish enterprises to discourage competition, while there is a great need for an adequate pictorial survey of modern architecture as luxuriously presented as this.

William H. Jordy

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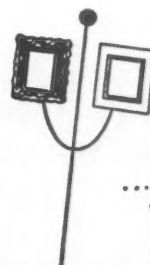
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NATIONAL AND FOREIGN

AKRON, O.

INSTITUTE, to Mar. 8: Permanent Collection

ALBANY, N. Y.

INSTITUTE, to Jan. 14: Edwin Becker; Jan. 6-25: Erica Brooks; Jan. 15-Feb. 8: Houses; Jan. 27-Feb. 15: Mary Suksdorf

ALBION, MICH.

COLLEGE, Jan. 8-25: Hughie Lee-Smith, Zubei Kachadoorian

ANDOVER, MASS.

ADDISON GALLERY, Jan. 10-Feb. 15: American Prints & Drawings

BALTIMORE, MD.

WALTERS, to Jan. 18: Renaissance Bronzes

BELOIT, WISC.

WRIGHT ART CENTER, Jan.: John Hultberg, Byron Burford

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

MUSEUM, to Jan. 11: Pacific Coast Biennial

BOSTON, MASS.

MUSEUM, Jan. 16-Feb. 15: Dutch Drawings; Jan. 24-Mar. 1: Arthur Dove

NOVA, from Feb. 2: Howard Robert Schaefer

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM

HELIOS: Contemporary Painting & Sculpture

BUFFALO, N. Y.

ALBRIGHT, to Jan. 18: Acquisitions

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

MINT MUSEUM, Jan. 4-31: Walter Stevens; Charles Surendorf; Jan. 12-Feb. 8: Ranger Centennial; Jan. 22-24: Architecture

CHICAGO, ILL.

ARTS CLUB, to Jan. 26: Drawings & Sculpture

CINCINNATI, O.

MUSEUM, to Feb. 5: Religious Prints

CLEVELAND, O.

MUSEUM, Jan.: Kirchner, Nolde, Beckman, prints; Jan. 13-Feb. 15: British Prints

WISE, 18 Painters from Pittsburgh

COLUMBIA, S. C.

MUSEUM, to Jan. 11: British Painters

DALLAS, TEX.

MUSEUM, Jan. 11-Feb. 14: Southwest Annual Prints & Drawings

DAYTON, O.

INSTITUTE, Jan. 10-Feb. 15: Native Arts of Pacific Northwest

DENVER, COLO.

MUSEUM, Jan. 22-Feb. 22: Cubism

DES MOINES, IOWA

ART CENTER, Jan.: Bernard Leach; American Indian Paintings

FRANKFORT, GERMANY

CORDIER: Dubuffet

HEMPSTEAD, L. I., N. Y.

HOFSTRA, Jan. 12-23: Helen Danzer, Barse Miller, Hazel Witte

LA JOLLA, CAL.

ART CENTER, Jan. 9-Feb. 28: Irving Gill; Jan. 28-Feb. 22: Paul Lingren

LAS VEGAS, N. M.

HIGHLANDS UNIVERSITY, Jan. 4-30: Contemporary Japanese Woodblocks

LONDON, ENGLAND

GIMPEL FILS: British Painters and Sculptors

TOOTH, Jan. 20-Feb. 14: Actualites

WADDINGTON: Contemporary British

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

HATFIELD: French & American

MUSEUM, to Jan. 18: Van Gogh

ROBLES: John Van Wicht

STENDAHL: Pre-Columbian & Modern

LOUISVILLE, KY.

SPEED MUSEUM, Jan. 1-23: Sarawak;

Jan. 1-30: Lithographs; Jan. 1-31: History of Photography; Jan. 11-Feb. 15: Fulbright Painters

MEMPHIS, TENN.

BROOKS, Jan.: Cady Wells; N. Y. State Print Group; Whitford Carter

MIAMI, FLA.

LOWE, Jan. 20-Feb. 15: Hallmark Competition, photographs

MILWAUKEE, WISC.

ART CENTER, to Jan. 18: 6 American Sculptors; Jan. 15-Feb. 15: Raphaelle Peale; Jan. 22-Feb. 8: Gimbel Collection

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

WALKER, Jan. 11-Feb. 22: Byron Bradley; Jan. 18-Feb. 8: American Architecture; Jan. 25-Feb. 22: Rockefeller Grant Exhibition

MONTCLAIR, N. J.

MUSEUM, Jan. 11-Feb. 1: North Jersey Twelve

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

DOUGLASS COLLEGE, Jan. 7-30: Jean Milo

NEW LONDON, CONN.

ALLYN MUSEUM, Jan. 11-Feb. 1: Faculties of Yale, Wesleyan, Trinity, U. of Conn., Conn. College

OAKLAND, CAL.

MUSEUM, Jan. 10-Feb. 1: California Painters; African Sculpture; Arthur Okamura, Armin Hansen

PARIS, FRANCE

CORDIER: Matta, Michaux, Chadwick

DUNCAN, thru Feb.: Prix de N. Y.

INTERNATIONALE D'ART CONTEMPORAIN: Painting & Sculpture

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

ACADEMY, to Jan. 11: Portraits; Jan. 25-Mar. 1: Water Colors, Prints, Drawings

ART ALLIANCE, Jan. 7-Feb. 1: Ray Spiller; Jan. 8-Feb. 1: Sahl Swartz; Jan. 9-Feb. 25: Antoni Gaudi; Jan. 16-Feb. 11: Group; Jan. 28-Feb. 22: John Brantley Wilder

MUSEUM, Jan. 23-Feb. 15: Philadelphia Arts Festival

PRINT CLUB: Aloisio Magalhaes; Lithography

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

ART CENTER: Yallah, photography

HEARD MUSEUM: African Sculpture

PRINCETON, N. J.

MUSEUM, Jan. 7-Feb. 1: American Art

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

MUSEUM, to Jan. 14: Mirko, Rouault

RICHMOND, VA.

MUSEUM, Jan. 16-Mar. 15: Aldrich Collection

ROCKFORD, ILL.

COLLEGE, Jan. 4-24: Harold Bradley; Jan. 25-Feb. 28: Robert & Ronald Ahlstrom

ROME, ITALY

SCHNEIDER: Contemporary Italians

ROSWELL, N. M.

MUSEUM, Jan. 4-31: Robert Mallory; Felix Candela, architecture

ST. LOUIS, MO.

MUSEUM, Jan. 3-26: American Art Alliance; Jan. 8-Feb. 8: Nature in Abstraction; Jan. 16-Feb. 17: Religion and the Arts

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

MUSEUM, to Jan. 25: Walt Disney

PALACE OF THE LEGION OF HONOR, from Jan. 10: Jakob Steinhardt; Bernard Maybeck; from Jan. 24: Water Color Society; to Jan. 25: Harry Krell

SANTA BARBARA, CAL.

MUSEUM, Jan. 2-Feb. 1: Brueghel, the Elder; Jan. 6-25: Rodin; Jan. 13-Feb. 8: Mary Parker; Jan. 13-Mar. 1: Richard Neutra; Jan. 27-Feb. 22: William Callen

SEATTLE, WASH.

DUSANNE, Jan. 7-24: Robert Eskridge

MUSEUM, Jan. 7-Feb. 8: 1958 Acquisitions; 19th Century Painting
SELIGMAN, Jan. 9-31: Elizabeth Mich-
kils

STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN

D'ART LATIN: Contemporary Painting &
Sculpture
TOLEDO, O.

MUSEUM, Jan. 4-Feb. 2: Poussin

TUCSON, ARIZ.

FINE ARTS ASSOCIATION, Jan. 12-Feb.
15: Crafts; Arizona Art

TULSA, OKLA.

GILCREASE INSTITUTE, Jan. 8-Mar. 9:
Mayan ruins and artifacts

UTICA, N. Y.

MUNSON-WILLIAMS-PROCTOR INSTI-
TUTE, Jan. 4-25: Saul Baizerman

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CORCORAN: Theodore Stamos
JEFFERSON PL. GALLERY, Jan. 6-24:
Joe Summerford; Jan. 27-Feb. 21: 12

British Artists
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, Jan. 10-
31: British Artist-Craftsmen

WORCESTER, MASS.

MUSEUM, to Jan. 11: Leo Lionni

ZURICH, SWITZERLAND

LIENHARD, Jan. 3-Feb. 7: Howard Rob-
ert Schaefer

NEW YORK CITY

Museums:

BROOKLYN (Eastern Parkway), to Jan. 4:
Bury the Dead; to Jan. 11: U. S. Prints

from Mexican Biennial
GUGGENHEIM (7 E. 72), to Jan. 4:
Awards; from Jan. 21: European Paint-
ing

HERZL INSTITUTE (250 W. 57), Jan. 6-
30: Bauern Freund

JEWISH (1109 5th at 92), to Jan. 15:
James Rosenberg

METROPOLITAN (5th at 82), to Jan. 4:
14 American Masters; Jan. 23-Mar. 8:
Ceramics; Jan. 29-Mar. 8: Winslow

Homer
MODERN ART (11 W. 53), to Jan. 18:
Photography; to Feb. 22: Design; to

Mar. 15: Prints
PRIMITIVE ART (15 W. 54), to Feb. 8:
Metal Sculpture

N. Y. PUBLIC LIBRARY (5th at 42), to
Jan. 30: Prints

RIVERSIDE (310 Riverside Dr. at 103),
Jan. 4-25: Contemporary Danish

WHITNEY (22 W. 54), to Jan. 4: Annual;
Jan. 14-Mar. 1: 4 Expressionists

Galleries:

A.C.A. (63 E. 57), to Jan. 3: Mervin
Jules; Jan. 5-24: Maxwell Gordon

ADAM-AHAB (72 Thompson, Tu., Th.:
12-2, 8-10); Jan. 6-22: Lawrence Wood-
man

ALAN (766 Madison at 66), to Jan. 24:
Beyond Painting, Collages & Construc-
tions

AREA (80 E. 10), Jan. 2-22: Ed Moses;
Jan. 23-Feb. 12: John Collins

ARGENT (236 E. 60), to Jan. 10: Bent
Lane; Jan. 12-31: Women Artists

ARKEP (152 W. 24); Jan. 5-31: Jack
Prezant

ART DIRECTIONS (545 6th at 15): Invi-
tational Group

ARTISTS' (851 Lexington at 64), to Jan.
8: John Loftus; Jan. 10-29: Ben Myers

ARTZT (142 W. 57), Jan. 6-18: Nicholas
Marosoff; Jan. 19-31: C. L. MacNelly;

Jan. 20-Feb. 2: City Center Awards
AVANT-GARDE (166 Lexington at 30),
Jan. 6-31: Anneli Arms, Beatrice Ericson,
Nadia Temerson

BABCOCK (805 Madison at 68), Jan. 5-
24: Marsden Hartley, drawings

BARBIZON PLAZA (106 Central Pk. So.),
Jan. 10-24: Associated Artists of N. J.

BARONE (1018 Madison at 79), Jan. 6-
26: Winston McGee; Jan. 27-Feb. 14:
Merton D. Simpson

BARZANSKY (1071 Madison at 81), Jan.
19-31: Mary Ascher

BERRY-HILL (743 5th at 57): Americans
BERRYMAN (2852 Bway at 111): Euro-
pean Graphics

BIANCHINI (16 E. 78), to Jan. 14:
Group; Jan. 16-Feb. 7: Sculpture

BODLEY (223 E. 60), Jan. 5-17: Bernard
Shirley Carter, Katherine Bercovici; Jan.
12-24: Peter Moor; Jan. 19-31: Robert

Freiman, Enit Kauffman; Jan. 26-Feb. 7:
Rhoda Sklar

BORGENICHT (1018 Madison at 79),
Jan. 6-24: Wolf Kahn; Jan. 27-Feb. 14:
Stephen Greene

BRATA (89 E. 10), Jan. 9-29: Joseph
Feldman, Louis Trakis

B'KLYN ARTS (141 Montague), Jan. 10-
31: Water Color Group

BURR (115 W. 55), Jan. 5-17: Patricia
Allen; Jan. 18-Feb. 1: Jo Carroll

CAMINO (92 E. 10), Jan. 2-22: Sal
Sirugo; Jan. 23-Feb. 12: Don David

CARSTAIRS (11 E. 57), to Jan. 20: Salva-
dor Dali

CASTELLI (4 E. 77), Jan. 6-24: Nassos
Daphnis

CECELE (62 W. 56), Jan. 5-17: Group

CHASE (31 E. 64), Jan. 4-17: French &
American; Jan. 18-31: Gallery Group

COLLECTORS (49 W. 53), Jan. 5-31:
American & French Contemporary

COMERFORD (117 E. 57): Oriental Art
CONTEMPORARIES (992 Madison at 77),
to Jan. 3: Jose De Creeft; Jan. 5-24:

Enrico Pontremoli; Jan. 26-Feb. 7: Josef
Albers, prints

CRESPI (232 E. 58), to Jan. 10: Paul
Gattuso; Jan. 12-24: Sophie Hughes;

Jan. 26-Feb. 7: Elsie Ject-Kay
D'ARCY (19 E. 76), Jan. 17-Feb. 20:
Pre-Columbian Sculpture

DAVIS (231 E. 60), Jan. 15-Feb. 7: Small
Sculptures

DE AENLLE (59 W. 53), to Jan. 17:
Fernando Belain

DEITSCH (51 E. 73): Group

DELACORTE (822 Madison at 69), to
Jan. 3: Ancient Peruvian Textiles

DE NAGY (24 E. 67), to Jan. 3: Larry
Rivers; Jan. 6-31: Robert Goodnough

DOWNTOWN (32 E. 51), Jan.: Ameri-
can Folk Art, paintings & sculpture

DUNCAN (303 E. 51), to Jan. 10: Billard;
to Jan. 17: Keroyedan; Jan. 18-Feb. 4:

Jane & Juanita Echeverria; Jan. 18-Feb.
1: Saint-Cricq

DURLACHER (11 E. 57), to Jan. 24:
Gandy Brodie

DUVEN (18 E. 79), to Jan. 15: Piero di
Cosimo; Jan. 15-Feb. 28: 3 Marys

EGGLESTON (969 Madison at 76), Jan. 5-
24: Edmund E. Niemann

EMMERICH (17 E. 64), Jan. 6-31: Adolph
Gottlieb

ESTE (32 E. 65), Jan. 12-27: Samson
Schames

F.A.R. (746 Madison), Jan. 5-24: Joan
Miro, lithographs & etchings

FEIGL (601 Madison at 57): Group

FINDLAY (11 E. 57): Group

FINE ARTS ASSOC. (41 E. 57), to Jan. 3:
Sculpture; Jan. 13-31: Robert Delaunay

FLEISCHMAN (227 E. 10), Jan. 4-20:
William Blacklock; Jan. 21-Feb. 6:

George Wexler

FRIED (40 E. 68), Jan. 6-Feb. 7: Vasarely

FURMAN (45 E. 80): Pre-Columbian

GALLERY (200 E. 59), Jan. 6-30:
Henry Niese

GALERIE ST. ETIENNE (46 W. 57), Jan.
12-Feb. 7: Kathe Kollwitz

GRAHAM (1014 Madison at 78), Jan.
12-17: Benefit for Post-Graduate Center

for Psychotherapy; Jan. 20-Feb. 7: Peter
Takal

JAMES GRAHAM (1014 Madison at 78),
Jan.: Skidmore Alumni & Staff

GRAND CENTRAL (15 Vanderbilt at
42), to Jan. 9: Morton Roberts; Jan. 6-
17: Margery Ryerson; Jan. 13-24: Peter

Hayward; Jan. 20-31: Henry Wertz

GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS (1018

Madison at 79), to Jan. 11: Group; Jan.
13-31: Milton Goldring

HAMMER (51 E. 57), Jan. 6-17: Mort
Hayes; Jan. 20-Feb. 7: Hans Erni

HANSA (210 Central Park So.), to Jan.
9: Jan Muller; Jan. 12-30: Robert Whit-
man

HARTERT (22 E. 58): American & French

HELLER (63 E. 57): Group

HERVE (611 Madison at 58), Jan. 14-30:
Bellies

HEWITT (22 E. 66), Jan. 6-30: Dorothy
Ruddick

HICKS STREET (48 Hicks, Bklyn), Jan.
8-25: Edmund Bosch

HIRSCHL & ADLER (21 E. 67), Jan. 17-
Feb. 13: Eugene Higgins

JACKSON (32 E. 69), Jan. 2-24: Hsao
Domoto

JAMES (70 E. 12), Jan. 2-22: NYU Fac-
ulty; Jan. 23-Feb. 12: Stan Freborg

JANIS (15 E. 57), to Jan. 3: 20th Century
Paintings; Jan. 5-31: 8 Americans

JUSTER (154 E. 79), Jan. 5-24: Gabriel
Dauchot; Jan. 26-Feb. 14: Warner Prins

KENNEDY (785 5th at 59): Western &
French Graphics; from Jan. 20: Trafford

Klots

KLEEMANN (11 E. 68), Jan. 3-31: Fritz
Winter

KNOEDLER (14 E. 57), Jan. 28-Feb. 21:
Henry Pearlman Collection

KOOTZ (1018 Madison at 79), Jan. 6-17:
Hans Hoffmann, recent paintings; Jan.

20-31: Hoffmann, early paintings

KOTTLER (3 E. 65), Jan. 19-31: Art Direc-
tors Club; Jan. 5-17: Claude L. Robinson

KRASNER (1061 Madison), Jan. 5-24:
Petsy Ochikubo; Jan. 25-Feb. 7: Mar-
guerite Stix, sculpture

KRAUSHAAR (1055 Madison at 80), Jan.
5-24: George Rickey, mobiles

LITTLE STUDIO (673 Madison at 61), to
Jan. 7: Group

LOVISCIO (167 E. 37), to Jan. 10:
Charles DeCarlo

MARCH (95 E. 10), Jan. 2-22: Athos &
Anthe Zacharius, Mark DeSuvero; Jan.

23-Feb. 12: Richard Ireland, Boris Luire,
Tom Young

MARINO (46 W. 56), to Jan. 3: 3 Prim-
itives; Jan. 17-Feb. 17: B. MacGibney

MATISSE (41 E. 57), Jan. 6-31: Group

MELTZER (38 W. 57), to Jan. 10: Group;

Jan. 12-31: Kay Christensen

MI CHOU (36 W. 56), Jan. 13-Feb. 7:
Howard Low

MIDTOWN (17 E. 57), to Jan. 17: Anni-
versary Group

MILCH (21 E. 67), to Jan. 17: American
Paintings; Jan. 19-Feb. 7: Marion Green-
wood

MORRIS (174 Waverly Pl.), to Jan. 10:
Dorothy Goldberg; Jan. 12-24: Group;

Jan. 27-Feb. 14: Robert Amft

MOND'ART (719 Lexington at 58), to
Jan. 17: Brian Cortell; Jan. 19-31:

Vasily Zarkoff

NATIONAL ARTS CLUB (15 Gramercy
Pk.), Jan. 15-Feb. 1: Audubon Artists

NEW (601 Madison at 57): Modern
European

NEW ART CENTER (1193 Lexington at
81), Jan. 2-17: Nolde, Otto Muller; Jan.

19-31: Matisse, Villon, Pascin

NEWHOUSE (15 E. 57): Fine Paintings

NONAGON (99 2nd at 6), Jan. 4-24:
Jack Davis; Jan. 25-Feb. 14: James

Gahagan

NORDNESS (700 Madison at 63), Jan.
5-31: Contemporary American Drawings

& Sculpture

PANORAS (62 W. 56), to Jan. 10: And-
rew Courtney; Jan. 12-24: Dorothy Un-
derhill; Jan. 26-Feb. 7: Mychajlo Moroz

PARIS (126 E. 56), to Jan. 14: Agostini;
Jan. 15-31: French Group

PARMA (1111 Lexington at 77), Jan.
13-31: Group

PARSONS (15 E. 57), to Jan. 3: Group;

Jan. 5-24: Ad Reinhardt

PASSEDOIT (121 E. 57), Jan. 12-31:
Lucien Day

PERIDOT (820 Madison at 68), to Jan.
10: European sculpture & drawings; Jan.

12-31: Sue Mitchell

PERLS (1016 Madison at 78), Jan. 5-Feb.
7: Pascin, "The Nude"

PETITE (718 Madison at 64), to Jan. 17:
Lester Rondell; Jan. 19-Feb. 7: Matabee

Goto & Group

PHOENIX (40 3rd at 9), Jan. 2-15:
Kazann, Jaffer; Jan. 16-29: Ted Joans

PIETRANTONIO (26 E. 84), Jan. 16-31:
N. Orsini

POINDEXTER (21 W. 56), to Jan. 10: Al
Held, Donald Perry; Jan. 12-31: George

McNeill

PORTRAITS, INC. (136 E. 57): Portraits

PULITZER (55 W. 56), Jan. 6-20: Olivier
Charles, Rose Marieniss, Betty Parish

REHN (683 5th at 54), Jan. 5-24: Henry
Mattson

RILEY (24 E. 67), to Jan. 3: Peetar Monk;
Jan. 6-24: Creative Art Association;

Jan. 27-Feb. 14: Robert Buckner

ROKO (925 Madison at 74), to Jan. 7:
Dorothy Block; Jan. 12-Feb. 4: Peter

Heinemann

ROSENBERG (20 E. 79), Jan. 12-Feb. 7:
Bernard Meadows, sculpture

SAGITTARIUS (777 Madison), to Jan. 4:
Horst; Jan. 5-19: Tarquino; Jan. 19-31:

Jane Miller

SAIDENBERG (10 E. 77): Leger

SALPETER (42 E. 57), to Jan. 24: Group;

Jan. 26-Feb. 14: Charles LeClair

B. SCHAEFER (32 E. 57), to Jan. 17: Ilse
Getz; Jan. 19-Feb. 7: Cameron Booth

SCHAINEN-STERN (200 E. 41), to Jan. 9:
Roslyn Ehrenhalt; Jan. 12-Feb. 27: Schai-
nen-Stern, sculpture for architecture

SCHONEMAN (63 E. 57): Modern French

SECTION ELEVEN (11 E. 57): Group

SEGY (708 Lexington at 57)

SELIGMANN (5 E. 57), Jan. 12-31: Cleve
Gray

SILBERMAN (1014 Madison at 78): Old
Masters

STABLE (924 7th at 58), Jan. 5-31:
Richard Stankiewicz; Jan. 12-31: Bern-
ard Chaet

STENDIG (600 Madison), to Jan. 15:
Group

STUTTMAN (835 Madison at 69): Group

SUDAMERICANA (866 Lexington at 65),
Jan. 12-31: Victor Delhez

TANAGER (90 E. 10), to Jan. 15: Group;

Jan. 16-Feb. 6: Alex Katz

TERRAIN (20 W. 16), Jan. 5-31: 3-Man

TOZZI (32 E. 57): Medieval Art

UNION DIME SAVINGS BANK (W. 40
St. at 6th Ave.), to Jan. 16: George

Sugarmann

VAN DIEMEN-LILIENFELD (21 E. 57),
Jan. 4-23: Abe Lishinsky

WEYHE (794 Lexington at 61), to Jan.
10: Group; Jan. 15-Feb. 7: Doris Caesar

WHITE (42 E. 57), Jan. 6-24: Edith
Geiger

WIDDIFIELD (818 Madison at 68): Con-
temporary & Pre-Columbian

WILDENSTEIN (19 E. 64), Jan. 29-Mar.
7: Corcoran Gallery Loan

WILLARD (23 W. 56), Jan. 6-31: Tadahi
Sato

WITTENBORN (1018 Madison at 79), to
Jan. 12: Martin Bradley; Jan. 13-26:

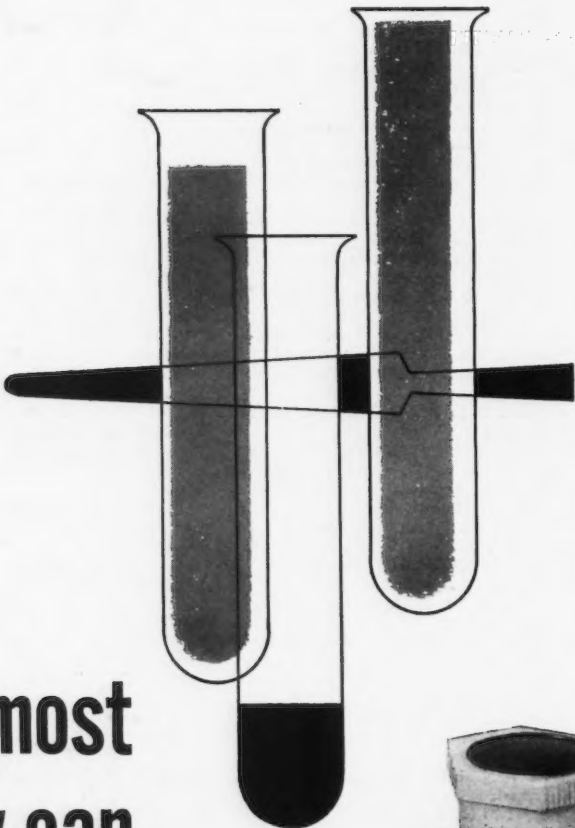
Leonard Kesi

WORKSHOP (332 E. 51), to Jan. 10:
Group; Jan. 13-Feb. 7: Edith Schloss

WORLD HOUSE (987 Madison at 77), to
Jan. 17: U. S. Paintings from Brussels;

Jan. 21-Feb. 21: Bernard Meadows

ZABRISKIE (32 E. 65), Jan. 3-24: Abra-
ham Walkowitz, retrospective



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